

The Western Witness.

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

VOL. VI.—No. 18

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Great Preparations for the Pope's Episcopal Jubilee.

THE DENVER CATHEDRAL.

Items of Interest From all Sections, Countries and Religious Orders. Readable News.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia has purchased the old Lutheran Theological Seminary in that city, and the building is being fitted up for a home for widows.

Rev. Patrick Cronin, editor of the Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y., is in Florida seeking health and recreation. Latest advices from his spring retreat indicate a satisfactory improvement in his physical condition.

Mother Mary Xavier, Superior of the St. Francis Nuns, died in Dubuque, Iowa, on April 13th. She was one of the founders of the order and went to Iowa with other members when they were driven out of Prussia in 1875. She was sixty-one years old.

The new Church of St. John the Baptist, Willoughby avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., will have eighteen altars. There will be erected in the interior a counterpart of the chapel where the Sacred Heart of Jesus appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque; also another of Lourdes. Both will contain appropriate statuary.

At the next consistory the Holy Father will preconize new bishops to the vacant sees of Russia and Poland in accordance with an arrangement with Russia. It is thought His Holiness will likewise preconize two cardinals and ten French bishops. In view of the considerable number of vacancies in the Sacred College, several other Italian and foreign cardinals will probably be named, amongst them will be in all likelihood, Monsignor Galimberti, apostolic nuncio at Vienna; Monsignor of Pietro, apostolic nuncio at Madrid, and the Archbishop of Dublin.

The Board of Trustees of St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, have presented to Archbishop Corrigan a memorial volume in album form containing the resolutions of condolence adopted by the trustees of the cathedral on the death of Monsignor Preston. The album, which is painted on vellum and bound in full morocco and bishop's purple silk, is the work of a young Catholic artist, John F. Lee of New York. Among other engravings the volume contains a portrait of the late Monsignor Preston, robed in full canons, and the armorial ensigns of the Holy Father and his Grace Archbishop Corrigan.

Some months ago, according to an exchange, Baron de Morenheim, the Russian ambassador to France, being at Lourdes with his family, Madame de Morenheim was at the Grotto, praying earnestly for the cure of one of her daughters. She learned that a young girl from Burgundy had been cured miraculously. The Russian lady wished to see her and speak to her. The poor and humble girl appeared before the great lady who embraced her with great kindness, asked her the story of her disease and cure, and requested prayers for her sick daughter. Madame insisted on a memento. The poor girl had nothing to give. All she had was her rosary, which had once belonged to her dead sister, who had been a Sister of Providence, with which the invalid had prayed so much during her long nights of suffering. Although it was her whole, she gave it to the pious lady who promptly gave the poor girl her own

rosary, enriched with precious stones.

The London Universe states that the monks of Monte Cassino sent a beautiful address to Cardinal Dusmet, Archbishop of Catania, on the twenty fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration, and also made his Eminence a present of a poem on the life of St. Agatha, patroness of Catania, composed in the fourteenth century by Dom Benedict d'Uva, a famous monk of the learned Order. The Holy Father sent the Cardinal a congratulatory brief on the occasion. The Archbishop of Catania richly merits all the honors that are paid him. At the epoch of the last cholera visitation he deprived himself of his property to succor his flock, and proposed to the bank of Sicily to mortgage his income for the following year, and sell his sacred ornaments, even to his pectoral cross, to aid the indigent infirm. But the nobility of Catania got wind of his intention and would not permit the sacrifice. They poured gifts into his lap, and the bank placed the sum required at his disposal on the simple guarantee of his word.

Bishop Matz of Denver, Col., has accepted the plans for the new cathedral to be built in that city. The building will have a south front of 125 feet and will be 231 feet in depth. The tower to the top of the cross will be 200 feet in height and the ceiling of the auditorium will be 82 feet in height. The basement will be arranged to contain the parish school rooms and a room for Sunday school and other uses to which it may be put. The interior of the auditorium, while it may not

reach the superba of magnificence, will be grand. The auditorium will be cut in two in several instances by chapels, which are divided from the main room by magnificent arches. The wainscoting about the whole will be about the height of a man, and of marble throughout. The auditorium will seat 1800 people, great pillars are placed about the centre of the grand auditorium, and from these steel girders are arched all over. They are great, grand arches, circling eighty feet from the floor, and are seventy feet from pillar to pillar upon which they rest. These steel arches come to a common centre, making a very beautiful effect. Between these arches it is so arranged that the ceiling may be decorated with paintings from sacred history. The cost of the church is to be about \$250,000.

At the Vatican extraordinary importance is being given the Pope's Episcopal Jubilee next year. The central organizing committee has already received notice of thousands of gifts to be sent. To collect all the donations more than 300 committees have been formed in all parts of Christendom. From reports received from these it is believed the presents will equal or perhaps exceed those made on the occasion of Leo's priestly jubilee, when they amounted to upward of \$5,000,000 in cash and \$20,000,000 in other presents. The special committee appointed to arrange the fêtes in connection with the jubilee has decided that a great international pilgrimage shall take place next September, in order that those who may not be able to attend the fêtes during the first six months of 1893 may have an opportunity of paying their homage to his Holiness then. The principal fête is fixed for February 19, 1893. Other important features of the celebration will be the grand international pilgrimage in February, 1893, the establishment in each ecclesiastical province of an educational institution in honor of Leo XIII., the creation in Rome of a great institute for students and the construction near the Vatican of a large church in commemoration of the event, to be known as the Church of St. Joachim, the Pope's patron.

The Catholic Church treasures in Rome the towel of Veronica, bearing the imprint of the face of Jesus. The story runs that the Emperor Tiberius was afflicted with leprosy, and hearing accounts of the miracles and wonders wrought by Jesus in Judea, sent ambassadors to Him to obtain a cure. But when they arrived at Jerusalem Jesus had been crucified. Having made inquiries into His life and death, they learned, amongst other things, that He had left the impression of His face to a holy woman, afterwards known as Veronica, and that many persons had been cured of various maladies by its means. Veronica was visited by the ambassadors. She acknowledged that she possessed the sacred relic, and offered to accompany them to Rome, affirming that at sight of it the Emperor would be cured. Her offer was accepted and the event just

RELICS OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

Where the Cross, Nails, Lance, and Other Mementoes Are.

THE TOWEL OF VERONICA.

Penances of Pilgrims Who Climb the Holy Stairs at the Church of the Passionists in Rome.

The relics of the crucifixion are objects dear to every Christian; but few know their history and present location, says the Irish American. To the pious Helena, the mother of Constantine, the world owes much for the discovery of the cross. She visited Palestine in the year 326, and razing to the ground the temple that had been erected to Venus over the tomb of our Saviour, began a search for the precious relics. After much excavatory proceedings the workmen came upon the sepulchre, near by which were discovered three crosses. The inscription "I. N. K. I." was detached and lying convenient. Which was the cross of our Saviour was ascertained by the working of a miracle, and was soon after enshrined in a silver case, with the exception of two pieces, one of which was sent to Rome and the other to Constantinople.

As to whether there were three or four nails in the cross found by Helena there is much doubt. History says that one was thrown by Helena into the sea to calm a storm. In the Church of the Holy Cross is a portion of a nail which is said to have been presented by St. Helena. It is believed that the missing part was cut off and placed in the crown of Constantine, which is now known as the celebrated Iron Crown of the King of Italy. The third nail is in the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, and at Monza, near Milan, is another nail, whose authenticity Benedict XIV. is said to have established.

The body of the lance that pierced the side of Christ is at Rome and the point is at Paris. The sponge is at Rome in the Basilica of St. John of Lateran. The principal part of the crown of thorns is preserved in the Church of Notre Dame in Paris, but is devoid of thorns, pieces of which have been granted to a great many churches.

The city of Turin rejoices in the possession of the shroud or winding sheet in which Joseph of Arimathea enveloped the body of our Saviour. This precious relic is preserved in the chapel called the Holy Shroud. Lisbon and other places claim to be in possession of the Holy Shroud. It is probable that they have only fragments of it. However, as it was customary with the Jews to envelop the dead in several winding sheets, it may be that these relics are genuine.

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tified her prophecy; for Tiberius did actually obtain his cure after beholding the impression of the Divine Countenance.

The largest memento of the Crucifixion is the Scala Sancta or Holy Stairs, which it is popularly supposed Christ ascended while being brought into Pilate's presence. The memento is composed of twenty-eight marble steps, and is located in the Church of the Passionists, beyond the walls of Rome. One of the visitors to the Papal Jubilee thus writes of these stairs: "No one is allowed to go up them except on the knees, a task arduous and painful, for the climb is a steep one. The pilgrims, however, undertook the duty with celerity and devotion. From step to step they proceeded halting at intervals to recite aloud prayers and invocations. When the summit was reached some of them could not use their legs for awhile because of the pain consequent upon this novel mode of locomotion. The chapel on the landing at the top was in its day a private one for the Popes, and has stored in it many relics of the Redeemer, which fact gave rise to the inscription over the altar in Latin, "There is not in the whole world a holier place than this." The descent is by easy passages on both sides of the stairs, each terminating at the base with striking pieces of statuary. One of these represents the betrayal of Jesus. The expression of the thick-puckered lips of Judas, in the act of kissing the cheeks his Master, is admirably carved. The other group is a renowned "Ecce Homo," with Pilate presenting Christ, bound with ropes, to the populace.

These stairs were taken to Rome in the year 326, by order of the Empress Helena. They are protected by a covering of wood from the wear to which they would be subject were not such precautions taken. They are five feet long, and are treasured as relics beyond price. —Ex.

IRISH NOTES.

Mr. T. C. Purcell of Limerick has been elected by a final majority of thirty-one votes to twenty-three, Superintendent of the Dublin Fire Brigade, over G. W. Parker.

Thirty evicted tenants of the Marquis of Clanricarde, at Woodford, have been reinstated in their holdings on paying a substantial portion of the arrears and all of the costs, and promising to pay a further installment of the arrears at the end of six months.

Miss Jane Filbin, daughter of Mr. Richard Filbin of Daugher, Lurgan, received the white veil of the Sisters of Mercy at Lurgan on March 21. Bishop McGivern of Dromore officiated, assisted by the Very Rev. James O'Hare. She will be known as Sister Mary Joseph.

Patrick Drury, one of the oldest citizens of Boyle, died on March 20th, at the age of eighty-four years. Two of his sons, Hugh J. and M. T. Drury, are residents of New York City.

Mr. Vernon Russell, B. A., of Launceston, who has assisted Father Langton in teaching for the past two years, was presented with a handsome altar missal and an address on March 26th, by the parishioners. Mr. Russell, who is to study for the priesthood in Belgium, left England the next day. He is a convert to the faith, having formerly been a Protestant curate at Ardoyne.

According to the report of the Intermediate Educational Board for Ireland for 1891, recently issued, there were examined 3859 boys and 1300 girls. Of these three passed 2304 boys and 744 girls, being a percentage of success of 59.7 for boys and 59.5 for girls. The standard reached in 1890 was slightly surpassed in 1891.

OVER NINE HUNDRED VOTES.

Grand Success in the Balloting

SOME LADIES DON'T LIKE IT.

The Offer is Therefore Temporarily Withdrawn Pending Action of the Board of Directors.

In the last issue of the Witness an announcement was made that in recognition of the many favors shown this paper by the members of the Young Ladies Institute, we proposed to distribute among the ten most popular members of that Order the following handsome and costly prizes.

A magnificent diamond-studded gold watch, with neck or fob chain, valued at \$150.

A set of silverware, consisting of coffee urn, tea pot, sugar bowl, cream jug, and salver, handsomely chased and decorated, valued at \$100. From W. K. Vanderslice & Co.

A new No. 9 Wheeler & Wilson high-arm sewing machine, furnished in light wood and bronze trimmings, six drawers, all complete; value \$75. An order for winner's selection of \$50 worth of dress goods at the Arcade, J. J. O'Brien & Co., Murphy Building, Market & Jones streets.

A copy of Gabriel Mark's wonderful picture "The Holy Face," in ivory and gold frame; size 24x36, valued at \$40; from the Catholic Publishing Society.

A handsomely decorated China tea set of 56 pieces, in blue, pink, old rose or gold. From Nathan Dohrmann, & Co., and valued at \$25 00.

An Angelus clock, which strikes the hours of the Angelus, viz., at 6 in the morning, 12 at noon and 6 in the evening, with cathedral gong strike, and handsome statue at base, valued at \$15.

An order on L. S. Kast, 738 & 740 Market street, for winner's choice of a pair of ladies' shoes, valued at \$10.

A copy of Pere Didon's great work "Life of Jesus Christ" in two volumes, beautifully illustrated, handsomely bound and valued at \$7.50.

A beautiful oxidized silver manicure set, all complete, finest steel tools, handsomely engraved, value \$5, from Chas. L. Barrington, Druggist, Market street and Van Ness avenue.

In order that there might be no contention or dispute about awarding the prizes, it was further stated that every week, up to and including the last Saturday in June there will be published in this paper a ballot as follows:

ONE VOTE

For M.

Inst. No.

As the Most Popular Member

OF THE

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.

For those who wish to vote in number for their favorite candidate, we have determined to make the following special offer:

For one year's subscription to the WESTERN WITNESS at \$1.50 50 votes.
For six months' subscription at 75 cents 25 votes.

For four months' subscription at 50 cents 15 votes.

A special distinctive ticket will be provided for these, each one having the number of votes plainly printed upon it.

Under this liberal proposition something over 900 votes were received, coming from all sections of this State, Nevada and Oregon, showing that the members and their friends were in accord with the proposition.

It has since come to the knowledge of the Witness that at a special meeting of less than a quorum of the Board of Grand Directors a resolution was passed advising the members of the various Institutes not to participate in the contest, and placing the honorable motives of the Institute under a cloud for the time being. It has been decided to temporarily withdraw the offer until the matter can come up before the full Board of Directors at their meeting next Saturday night.

It has been further urged that some might use the contest as a means of boasting themselves for office on the strength of the popularity that might accrue to them by reason of the votes thus received, and having in no way a desire to permit the use of the Witness for any such purpose, we deem it to be for the best interests of the Order to take the course for the present that we have outlined above, and hold the matter in obeyance until such time as it can have no bearing upon the choice of officers.

All votes heretofore and which may hereafter be received will be retained and counted when the announcement is again made.

Responsibility of the People.

When an officer was asked the other day why various crimes were not more severely punished, and why certain well known haunts of vice were allowed to exist undisturbed by any legal or social protest, the officer answered that, as far as he could discover, such places existed because the people either desired their existence or were unwilling to take the trouble to abolish them, which was pretty much the same thing. "We have always been taught," says a writer in the New York Ledger, "that the voice of the people is the voice of God."

This, with some of the other ideas of the past, must be given up or greatly modified. If it is the voice of the people that the present status of morals shall prevail and that the most atrocious crimes against society be allowed to pass, often without so much as a rebuke; if young persons are to be led into evil by the great floods of pernicious literature which are poured unchecked over the land, and are blasting the fairest buds of innocence on our family trees, then we must emphatically repudiate this time-honored sentiment, and declare in unmistakable terms that the voice of the people is not the voice of God, but the voice of the enemy of all good. While the people may not, in fact, approve of these evils, they by silence give a tacit consent to their existence. Nor can the people, upon whom the condition of our institutions depend, shift from their shoulders the burden of reproach which must rest there when inquiry is made as to who is accountable for this state of things. In this country, as in no other under the sun, the people are the sovereign power, and at their hands will the welfare of the nation be demanded.

Nearly One Hundred Bishops.

Counting in the newly appointed Bishop of Brooklyn, the American hierarchy now numbers ninety-one prelates, exclusive of Archbishops and mitred abbots. Including these in numbers ninety-nine. Less than a century ago its consisted of but one prelate, Bishop Carroll of Baltimore, so that its growth has been at the rate of one a year on the average. Of course the increase has been far greater than this of late years, and it will doubtless grow greater as the years advance, so that one hundred years hence its numbers promise to be magnificent, and to constitute the most splendid hierachial body in the Catholic world.

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THE WESTERN WITNESS.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. PARKHURST.

A Touching Tribute to the Worth of the Deceased Literateur.

As a former editor of this paper when it was known as the *Golden State Catholic*, I think it behooves me to pay a tribute, even if it be in an humble and crude way, to the memory of a lady whose contributions to the paper at the time referred to were eagerly read by its subscribers and copied by the Catholic press of the country. This good woman infused an individuality into every line she wrote, which impressed itself upon the reader's heart. She wrote as a ministering angel—every thought she committed to paper was not for self, but for the betterment of mankind, especially for her sex, and, I might say, more particularly for young girls.

Emelia Tracy Y. Parkhurst! That name was a household word in the homes where the *Golden State Catholic* paid its weekly visits. And it was a cherished name in many a home in this city where she in her girlhood and in her later years, brought kind words and good cheer. Her life was spent as much as her feeble health would permit, among the poor. Being highly accomplished, she was no ordinary visitor to those in need, and she was as gentle as an angel.

But never more will her kindly hands bring succor to the sick and afflicted, nor will her pure and noble mind pour out its rich treasures for the edification of her fellow creatures. After a long, though painless sickness, her heavenly spirit was summoned before its Creator to receive that reward which Christ promises those who serve him and his creatures. It was on Thursday, the 21st inst., that she died at her home, 1419 Taylor street, this city. On the afternoon of last Sunday her funeral took place at Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, the little French Church near her home and which she was fond of attending. A host of friends attended the obsequies and the floral offerings were profuse. Rev. Father Renandler, the pastor, officiated.

Mrs. Parkhurst was what might be truly termed an extraordinary woman. She was born in this city twenty-nine years ago, her father being Hon. John Swett, the well-known educator, who served some years ago as State Superintendent of Schools and is now the Superintendent of Public Instruction of San Francisco. Mrs. Parkhurst's mother was a Miss Tracy, and she, too, was a teacher in the public school department of this city. Thus, both her parents were pioneer educators of this State, and their gifted and now lamented daughter inherited many of her fine qualities from them. Her early training, and, in fact, her whole course through life, was directly in the hands of her parents. She was graduated from the Girls' High School of this city, and of which her father was then and for almost a generation principal, in 1880 and in the year following she creditably completed the course in the Normal Class of the same school. There were quite a number of Catholic young ladies in the same class, among whom may be mentioned Misses Regina Reilly and Clarissa Morris, now of the Oakland schools, Miss M. A. Sullivan of this city and who is now teaching in Ventura county, and Miss E. G. Pryal, for a number of years teaching in the schools of the Oakland township, but now in those of Contra Costa county.

A few years after completing her school life she made a tour of Europe, spending some time in Italy and Spain studying painting, literature and music. It was while thus abroad that she became fully acquainted with the truths of the Roman Catholic religion, and embraced the true faith, although all the members of her family are non-Catholics. She remained steadfast in the faith of Christ and spoke very earnestly of its beauties whenever occasion required.

About four years ago she was married to Mr. J. W. Parkhurst who was engaged in commercial pursuits.

From an early age she evinced a love for good literature and displayed a remarkable gift for writing both prose and verse. Since her health began to fail she wrote but little poetry. What she wrote was always in a happy vein and displayed true poetic taste. Besides contributing to the *Overland Monthly* and several eastern magazines, she wrote for a number of Californian publications and if her health permitted she would have been assistant editor of that new and magnificent illustrated magazine, the *Californian Magazine*, of which Charles F. Holder is editor.

The crowning effort of Mrs. Parkhurst's short, but I may say brilliant life, was in the organization of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association and of which she was corresponding secretary. She worked untiringly to build up this society and in the two years of its existence it shows by its work that she built well. By its organization the foundress did much to help young writers to find an opening for literary wares. In an article on the Literary Workers of California published in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* fourteen months ago the author pays a very high tribute to this lady and it was well deserved.

The women literary workers of this coast have lost an earnest friend by the

death of Mrs. Parkhurst and her parents a loving daughter, her brothers and sisters a kind sister, and her husband a wife who was all that word implies. The Catholic press has lost a friend of good Catholic literature, and the church on earth mourns a member, but the church triumphant glories in gaining a soul so pure and devoted.

While extending heartfelt sympathies to her sorrowing relatives let us all pray that her soul may enjoy that peace in Christ which we all hope to merit.

W. A. PRYAL.

AN EDITOR'S QUEER ATTITUDE.

Exposure of an Unwarranted Attack on the Jesuits.

A couple of weeks ago a cable dispatch from Paris announced that the French Government would take steps to bring the vengeance of the law down upon the heads of the Jesuit Lemoigne and the Scotch Jesuit Forbes, both of whom in their sermons had taken occasion to denounce the French Government. Jesuit Forbes, it was stated, would be expelled. Whereupon the editor of the *N. W. Chronicle* commented:

It is astonishing how the Jesuit Fathers manage to put themselves in opposition to the State. The policy of opposition to the State is worse than worn out, particularly since the State came to mean the people. Father Forbes had no business insulting the gallant army of France. No clergyman in that country should set himself in opposition to the Holy Father to speak, but as a matter of fact he has pointed out the duty of French ecclesiastics to the public.

The editor of the *N. W. Chronicle* proved easy bait. He snapped at the fly hungrily. We learn from the latest issue of the *London Tablet* that Pere Lemoigne is not a Jesuit at all, and that Father Forbes had made no attack on the French army. In the course of an address he had simply remarked in an incidental way upon the dangers to which the morals of the young conscripts of the French army were exposed in barracks life and the necessity of throwing safeguards around them, deplored at the same time the lack of such restrictions. So much for the facts in the case.

Once before we expressed our doubts whether the editor of the *N. W. Chronicle* did not exchange places at times with the editor of a now extinct Knotting sheet, lately published in Chicago. He has notoriously espoused the cause of secular education, is reported to have openly declared before a Protestant ministers' meeting that temporal power is of the past, and notwithstanding the gravity and publicity of the charge has not denied it, although he has had ample time and opportunity to do so. Now he attacks the Jesuits maliciously and falsely, though this latter is a role he has not struttet in before.

What is to be said of such proceedings on the part of an editor of a presumably Catholic paper? Is he a know-nothing masquerading in the garb of a Catholic editor? Or is he a quondam Catholic eaten up with the poison of liberalism. Either supposition would explain his course. But nothing can pardon it.—*Catholic Progress*.

And then comes the following from the *Irish American*:

A special despatch received here from Rome gives an authentic denial to the report that the Pope, by letter to Archbishop Ireland, has disapproved the *Cirillo Cattolico*'s criticism of the Faribault affair. Mail advices from London and Paris show that Father Conway, editor of the Archbishop's paper, the *North-Western Chronicle* owes an apology to the Jesuits, for his hasty and unmerited and indefensible attack on the Order, based on a lying cable dispatch concerning the expulsion of Father Forbes, S. J., from Paris. It was amazing and scandalous to find it in a Catholic paper edited by a priest.

The Largest Libraries in the World.

The largest library in the world is that at Paris, which contains upward of 2,000,000 printed books and 160,000 manuscripts. Between the Imperial library at St. Petersburg and the British Museum there is not much difference. In the British Museum there are about 1,500,000 volumes. The Royal Library of Munich has now something over 900,000, but includes many pamphlets; the Royal Library of Berlin contains 800,000 volumes, the library at Copenhagen 510,000, the library at Dresden 500,000, the University library, Goettingen, Germany, 600,000. The Royal Library at Vienna has 400,000 volumes, and the University Library in the same city has 370,000 volumes. At Buda-Pesth, the University Library has 300,000, the corresponding library at Cracow nearly the same number, and that at Prague 205,000.

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Dry and Fancy Goods.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

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THE OLD AND RELIABLE HOUSE

LOWEST PRICES GUARANTEED.

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Pacific Branch Salesroom, 583 Mission Street, San Francisco.

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Germatine

Is put up in half-gallon bottles. Price \$1.25 per bottle.

OFFICE:

1329 Market St., S. F.

THE WESTERN WITNESS



THE SONG OF PEACE.

A song is astir in the air,
And I would drink it in
With the scent of the roses rich and rare:
But still the battle's din
Rings in my ears and deafens me;
I cannot hear the strain,
The noise of the world, its misery.
Throbs like a bitter pain.
But now and then, as in despair
I seek to rend the bonds,
Comes a burst of harmony on the air
To which my heart responds;
And then the echo of the fray
A moment seems to cease;
Though the wondrous harmony dies away,
That moment brings me peace.
And then I pray I may retain
A peacefulness of heart,
Though the warrior's laurels I fall to gain.
Or riches of the mart.
For that sweet song will give me rest,
And banish all distress:
The flowers of God and the gold of the west
Will be my happiness.
—Flavel Scott Mines in Harper's Bazaar

The Nicotine Test.

Any one desirous of testing the quantity of nicotine which he probably absorbs into his system from a burning cigar can do so by a simple experiment. Let him take a mouthful of smoke, then fold his handkerchief double, place it across his lips and violently blow the smoke through the linen, when he will see a brown stain on the cloth from the tobacco oil contained in the smoke.

The quantity from a single mouthful of smoke is often sufficient to stain brown a section of the handkerchief as large as a silver dime. When this is the result of a single inhalation the quantity of nicotine absorbed by the system of a man who is smoking all day must be very considerable, particularly if, as in the case of cigarette smokers, he draws the smoke into his lungs and so exposes a much larger surface to its deleterious influences.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Eggs as Large as Hailstones.

This has been a season of hailstones, and the editor has been keeping tally on the largest specimens. Two days ago a farmer came clanking into the office and paid his subscription.

"I s'pose," he said solemnly, "that you wouldn't object to an item of news on the hail question?"

"Not much," responded the editor encouragingly, as he reached for pencil and paper.

"Thought not," commented the editor.

"What have you got?" inquired the editor.

"Eighteen pullets," said the farmer warily, "that lay eggs as large as hailstones," and out he went chuckling.—Detroit Free Press.

The Old Fashioned Corn Cob Pipe.

The old fashioned corn cob pipe was not the spick and span pipe of the factories, glistening with varnish and carefully smoothed with a file. The old time pipemaker chose a large and sound cob, as nearly as possible cylindrical in shape, cut off the lower three inches and with a sharp penknife shaved the outer surface down to a bare, smooth face. He then cut the bottom and top smooth, thus considerably shortening the piece, carefully hollowed the bowl, and a reed stem placed in a small hole near the bottom completed the pipe. Such a pipe could be fashioned in a half hour, and it served its purpose admirably!—New York Sun.

Armour and Field.

We learn that when reports of the late Cyrus W. Field's financial embarrassment began to be circulated Mr. P. D. Armour, of this city, communicated to Dr. Henry M. Field the willingness of certain western friends to provide his brother with the means to repair his shattered fortunes. This proffer gave the dying man great solace and gratification, but it was declined.—Chicago News-Record.

Riddles Solved.

When may a man be said to be personally involved? When he is wrapped up in himself.

Why ought golden sherry to suit tipplers? Because it's topers' (topaz) color.

What should a man's wife be like? A lamb—young, playful, tender, nicely dressed and with—"mim" sauce.

Why should it pity the young Eskimo? Because each one of them is born to blubber.

Why does a man permit himself to be hempecked? Because he's chicken-hearted!

What wind should a hungry sailor wish for? One that blows foul and chaps about.

Why is your considering yourself handsome like a chicken? Because it's a matter of opinion (opinion)!

What is the difference between some women and their looking glasses? They talk without reflecting, and the mirrors reflect without talking.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 213.—Seasonable Pi:

The sun hangs calm at summer's posse;
The earth lies bathed in shimmering noon,

At rest from all her cheerful noise,
With heartstrings silently in tune.

The time, how beautiful and dear,
When early fruits begin to blush,

And the full leafage of the year.

Sways over them with a sheltering bough.

No. 214.—Fourth of July Puzzle: Third row, Independence; sixth row, Philadelphia; 1. Epitaphs. 2. Punisher. 3. Modality. 4. Treadles. 5. Capitals. 6. Preludes. 7. Managers. 8. Pedicles. 9. Precepts. 10. Banished. 11. Descriptive. 12. Trespass.

No. 215.—Half Squares:

F L E E T D E T R O I T
L A R D E R R A N T
E R A T R A C E
E D R A C E
T O N E
I T
T

No. 216.—Enigma: Pap-papa.

No. 217.—Arithmetical: 1. Eighteen. 2. Forty.

No. 218.—Collaboration: Tennyson.

No. 219.—Crossword Enigma: Sappho.

No. 220.—A Geographical Letter:

March 1st.

DEAR MAY—Thank you so much for the pretty gold brooch you sent me. Cousin Caroline has a new blue dress, which is very becoming. My brother Ambrose has brought two baby lions home with him. You know he has a red fox from the Congo. He intends to make them his pets. The other day I bought two salmon in the Columbia. Now farewell. Yours sincerely, AUGUSTA RICHMOND.

No. 221.—Hidden Names of Girls: 1. Ellen. 2. Ann. 3. Ethel. 4. Helen. 5. Ella. 6. Jessica.

No. 222.—Beheaded Words: Swell, well, ell.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP

Is for sale everywhere, and has since 1869 been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD

Its quality has never been changed since we first made it. We ask every woman using it to save all the *Outside Wrappers*, and donate them to her favorite Religious or Charitable Institution, no matter what denomination, anywhere in the United States, as we have promised to pay these institutions cash, for all the *Outside Wrappers* of our soap, they will collect and send to us. This will give needed financial assistance to worthy charities, at no expense to you. We propose to thus donate, at least one hundred thousand dollars a year. Among hundreds of worthy institutions are all the "Little Sisters of the Poor," Orphan Asylums, Sisters of Charity, Hospitals, etc.

The Housekeeper will find on a trial, according to directions, that the washing does not require HALF THE QUANTITY of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP that it does of any other; that there is a great saving of time and labor in its use; that it saves wear and tear of the clothes on the washboard, and does not cut or rot them to pieces, or hurt the hands as adulterated soaps do.

IT DISINFECTS CLOTHES WASHED WITH IT,

Having them thoroughly cleansed and sweet, instead of leaving a foul odor of rosin and grease.

It washes flannels without shrinking, leaving them soft and nice.

Respectfully,

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.

Manufacturers Dobbins' Electric Soap,

No. 19 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Oakland.

S. ANDERSON.

(Formerly with McGovern & Cahill.)

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CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, RUGS AND
WINDOW SHADES,

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Carpets taken up. Cleaned and relaid.

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OAKLAND MILLINERY STORE.

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Latest Styles on Hand—Dressmaking done in

the latest style at reasonable prices.
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46 FOURTH STREET.

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Good Fit Guaranteed.

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If you contemplate going to housekeeping don't fail to go to Ahlbach & Kaysen,

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Catholic Publishing Society.

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We keep constantly on hand a

very large assortment of French

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cluding printing on the back of

the picture, from \$2.00 to \$5.00

THE WESTERN WITNESS

A JUNETIME PARABLE.

With twining roses, red and white, I made,
When June was hot, a pleasant bower for shade.
A gracious place it seemed, by night or day,
Whence none might wake or sleep, give thanks
or pray.

Upon it fell the dew and rose the moon;
There nightingales made glad the nights of
June.

But as one eve I listened to their song
It seemed to me my very heart was stung
With sharp, swift pain; whereon I searched,
And lo!
Lith snakes with murderous eyes wound to
and fro.

Thereon I left my bower, nor may it be
That it again in June shall shelter me.

But when its leaves have withered one by one,
When nightingales have fled, and paled the
sun;

When in deep snows snakes may not breed or
house,
I will go back, and 'neath the bare rose boughs
Dream of the summer and the leaves that made,
When June was hot, my pleasant place of shade.
—Philip Marston in New York Independent.

TWO PAINTED DOORS.

Mr. Milner boarded at 3 Simpson terrace (there was no terrace, but the squire thought the name sounded sonorous and pleasant, so he had christened his five little cottages "Simpson's terrace"). He boarded with Mrs. Chipley and her two daughters, Maud and Marian, who felt it a great distinction to be of any service, however slight, to the pastor.

Maud gathered fresh flowers for the study table every day. Marian sat up late nights to iron and mend table linens so that the good man might have a clean napkin every day, and to darn his stockings so that you could not tell mended pieces from the whole, and the little widow herself exhausted every culinary resource to humor his dyspepsia and to contrive dainty dishes out of the least possible foundation. To these three simple women Rev. Milo Milner was like an embodied saint.

"And now that Mr. Milner is safely gone for the day," said Mrs. Chipley, "we'll clean the sitting room and whitewash the walls. Run to Dixey's, Maud, for a lump of unslaked lime; and—oh, by the way, bring some cornmeal, dear. We'll have hasty pudding for dinner and eat at the kitchen table. Some hasty pudding and milk will do for us women."

"Of course it will do, mamma," said Maud.

"I just like pudding and milk!" cried Marian, jumping gleefully up and down, "and, although Mr. Milner is such a dear, good man, yet it is a sort of relief to have him gone once in awhile, so that we can clean house and eat hasty pudding and milk. Oh, Maud!" she whispered to her asthetic sister, as Mrs. Chipley went out to hang the big kettle over the fire. "I've such an idea in my head! If you'll only get a little grass-green paint, ready mixed, when you are at Dixey's, and a medium sized brush!"

"Green paint, Marian! What for?"

"Hush! don't let mamma hear! I'm tired of hearing this called the house with the blue door."

Maud obeyed. Although the elder in point of years, she had long been accustomed to be domineered over by pretty, positive Marian.

"But it is the strangest thing, Marian," she said, as fifteen or twenty minutes later she handed over a mysterious tin can and an oblong paper parcel to her sister: "Joe Dean is out now painting his door blue."

"Tastes differ," said Marian, shrugging her shoulders, now invested in a prettily shabby old calico gown, suitable only to the extreme exigencies of housecleaning time.

"Blue is a lovely color, but as applied to a house door I am heartily sick of it. Joe Dean has no more taste than a Newfoundland dog."

"The Deans are expecting city company to luncheon," said Maud. "They sent to borrow the butterfly china plates this morning."

"It must be nice to have city company," sighed Marian.

"Oh, but to think of the work of it!" said Maud, lifting both her hands.

Mrs. Chipley came in at that moment also clad in what Marian called her "scrubbing regiments," and wearing an olive silk handkerchief tied around her still bright and glossy hair, and the three set themselves determinedly to work.

Rev. Milo Milner, on reaching the railway station, received a telegram that his friend, Professor Klingenburg, could not possibly meet him that day.

"Very good," said Mr. Milner, "I'll just step back home and get a mouthful of luncheon, and then I'll go to look over those ancient manuscripts with Dr. Hodges. He has been urging me to do so for some time past, and I may never have a better opportunity than this."

Mr. Milner tucked the umbrella under his arm, tipped his black, wide rimmed hat over his eyes and set off on a swift swinging stride back to Simpson terrace. The blue door stood wide open. So he walked in without the least ceremony.

"Fresh paint!" he said to himself, elevating his thin nostrils. "If there's anything on the face of the earth I detest it is fresh paint. And I've got it all over the skirts of my best coat too! Where is Mrs. Chipley? What has become of the girls? Nobody ever seems to be in the way when they're wanted. But, fortunately, here's luncheon ready spread. I wonder now how it happened. How could they know I was coming back. Cold roast grouse, with current jelly—chicken salad, pickled oysters—really, now, this is something quite beyond the ordinary run of our bills of fare!"

The pastor sat down and ate with an excellent appetite. He made a big hole in the chicken salad mound; he picked the bones of a crisp, brown goulash with genuine satisfaction; he buttered a flaky biscuit and added to its flavor by several spoonfuls of amber quince preserve.

"All the same," said he to himself, as he wiped his mouth with a damask napkin and rose from his chair, with another glance at the vegetable shaped

watch, "this sort of thing is quite beyond Mrs. Chipley's means. I thought she had better sense. I must really speak to her about it. In the meantime I must make good speed if I expect to have much time at my friend Hodge's place."

Away he trudged, much comforted and sustained as regarded his inner man. "Joe! Joe!" shrieked Miss Francesca Dean, coming into the room a few minutes later, "what have you done? Eaten up all the company luncheon? Oh, you greedy!"

"I didn't do no such thing," shouted Joe from an upper room, where he was transforming himself from an amateur journeyman painter to a modern tennis player. "What are you talking about?"

"Some one has eaten his fill!" cried Miss Francesca. "Just look at the table!"

"Then it's some tramp sneaked in through the door that I left open to dry the paint," bawled Joe, smiting his leg. And while the Dean family were endeavoring to repair damages the task of housecleaning went swimmingly on at the Chipley domicile, only two doors away, the girls and their mother scarcely taking time to sit down and eat their hasty pudding, which, by the way, got scorched through Mand's overdevotion to putting the chintz curtains on the pastor's study windows.

But hasten as they would, the newly whitewashed walls were scarcely dry, and the furniture not yet rearranged, when dusk descended on the scene and Rev. Milo Milner came in.

"Oh, take care, Mr. Milner!" exclaimed Maud, "the door—the paint is fresh."

Mr. Milner solemnly advanced into the area of the lamplight, and twisting himself around to get at the skirts of his coat eyed them disconsolately.

"More paint," said he. "Blue paint?"

"No," said Marion. "Green."

The two colors were indistinguishably alike by lamplight. The green might be mistaken for lively blue—the blue for a dull green.

"Blue," said the pastor firmly. "Do you think I haven't the use of my eyes?"

"Green," persisted Marian. "I know, because I put it on myself."

"It is not well," said Rev. Milner, "for the young to be too positive."

"But truth is truth," said Maud.

"And while I'm about it," said Mr. Milner, now thoroughly exasperated, "I deem it my duty to remonstrate with you concerning the extravagant and unwarranted style of diet in which you indulge during my absence!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Mrs. Chipley, feebly catching her breath.

"Hasty pudding and milk can't be called extravagance," hazarded Maud.

"Scorched at that," murmured Marian.

"Roast goose and currant jelly," said the pastor. "Chicken salad and sponge cake. And—here again I set out on the evidence of my eyesight—all set out on your old butterfly pattern china. I know, because I ate it of myself."

"You—you got into the wrong house," gasped Maud.

"It was the house with the blue door," serenely uttered Mr. Milner, as if this were an incontrovertible argument.

Marian clapped her hands hysterically.

"Mamma," she cried; "Maud, Mr. Milner was the tramp who ate up Miss Dean's company luncheon. That was just what Francesca Dean told me they had prepared! And on our butterfly china too!"

"It was the house with the blue door," stubbornly replied Mr. Milner.

"But Joe Dean painted their door blue today!" exclaimed Marian. "And I painted ours green."

The pastor sank limply into a chair.

"Then," he said, "I've got green and blue paint both on the skirts of my coat, and I have made a dreadful blunder in the bargain! And I must go at once and apologize to the Dean family; but not until you, my kind friends, have forgiven me for my meddling interference."

"But really," said Marian, shrugging her shoulders, now invested in a prettily shabby old calico gown, suitable only to the extreme exigencies of housecleaning time.

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STARTED BY MAKING PAPER DOLLS.

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About ten years ago three girls in the interior of this state, brought up in affluence, were suddenly deprived of their money. It became necessary for them to earn money, and it suited neither their tastes nor inclinations to go out of their homes nor had they been educated in any special direction. They had skillful hands, however, and with these they got up paper dolls and put them in Buffalo shops for sale. These incidentally came to the notice of a stationer here, who surprised them with an emissary and a proposition to make these dolls and give him the exclusive control of their sale.

Away he trudged, much comforted and sustained as regarded his inner man. "Joe! Joe!" shrieked Miss Francesca Dean, coming into the room a few minutes later, "what have you done? Eaten up all the company luncheon? Oh, you greedy!"

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ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

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4

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All communications must be in the office not later than Thursday noon to insure insertion. No communication will be inserted unless accompanied by the author's real name. Correspondents should be as brief as possible and write on one side of the paper only. We cannot undertake to return the MSS of unused articles.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
DANIEL O'CONNELL, Editor

SATURDAY APRIL 30, 1892

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

Gospel, St. John x. 11-16: The Good Shepherd.

1—Sunday—Patronage of St. Joseph.

2—Monday—St. Athanasius, Patriarch and Doc.

3—Tuesday—Finding of the Holy Cross.

4—Wednesday—St. Monica, Widow.

5—Thursday—St. Pius V., Pope and Confessor.

6—Friday—St. John before the Latin Gate.

7—Saturday—St. Stanislaus, Bp. and Martyr.

WE hope that our calling attention to the character of some of the text books used in the parochial schools will lead to their prompt weeding out by those in authority. From a number of letters we have received this appears to be the desire of Catholic parents.

THERE always have been and always will be opium smuggling rings as long as the duty is so high as to render it profitable to take desperate chances. If but one cargo in three escapes seizure and in the past they have nearly all escaped it, the operation is yet profitable to the people engaged in it. The well accepted rule in regard to duties is that they shall not be so high as to make it financially safe for the smugglers to take big risks. When it becomes apparent that the internal consumption of any article of import is largely in excess of what has paid duty at the Custom House as it is at present the case with opium, the hint should immediately be taken by the authorities and the duty reduced to a less tempting figure. If the duty on opium were reduced from \$10 to \$3 per pound, smuggling would not pay and would therefore cease. Yet the Government would realize more revenue than now. At present not more than twenty percent of the total that gets in pays duty; so that, in point of fact, only about \$2 per pound is realized from the whole. It is thus plain that the lower rate of \$3 would produce a great revenue. The change would be a pecuniary advantage to the public treasury. Moreover, smuggling should be stamped out for every reason. It is demoralizing all around. It grows upon what it feeds. The ringsters become rich, and extend their operations to other articles than those with which they began. The custom officials, being corrupted in favor of opium, are at the mercy of the bribe, and are soon brought to wink at the incoming of a large range of dutiable articles. There is too much reason to fear that this disorganizing and demoralizing process has been in operation at this port for years. What with dishonest appraisements, salted invoices and multitudinous other devices, known only to the experts engaged in them, the honest importer is at a sad disadvantage these times. The penalties upon detected fraud ought to be greater than they are, and the rewards for detecting it ought to be re-

As to opium it would be well to exclude it altogether, if that could be rendered practicable. Its use is a terrible curse, that is only too surely fastening upon all too many of our race. If the noxious drug can be kept out, it ought to be.

MORE RECREATION.

As there are many degrees of nervous exhaustion, so are there many methods of restoration. What would be pleasant exercise to one, might prove laborious exertion to another, and what would be soothing to one might be irritating to another. In all cases, however, complete nerve rest implies the maintenance of agreeable sensation and the avoidance of nervous agitation. It may not be possible to obtain such absolute rest as is here indicated, but the aim of treatment is to secure as near an approach to it as can be attained by legitimate means. Most men who find themselves becoming victims of nervousness, endeavor to escape the worries of life by taking refuge in drink, so that they usually bring upon themselves other diseases of alcoholic origin. In women this was not formerly the habit, but there is reason to believe that any increase of inebriety among them is largely due to the spread of nervous exhaustion. On the other hand there are many cases in both sexes where alcoholic indulgence has undoubtedly been the chief cause of the ailment.

Although the most severe forms of this disease have alone been discussed, it must not be supposed that milder forms do not also require special nerve rest. This cannot be secured without more or less change being made in the ordinary mode of life. Nervous agitation is the chief cause of nervous exhaustion. It is almost impossible even for a healthy man to avoid a certain amount of agitation in connection with his affairs, while for the nervous man it is absolutely impossible. For the latter, therefore, a frequent holiday is essential. The way of spending such a holiday is a matter of urgent importance. Many nervous sufferers return home worse than when they left. They climb mountains in Switzerland when they ought to be loitering on the seashore or lounging on the deck of an ocean steamer. They rise early "to make the best of to-day," when they had better lie several hours longer to fix the benefits of yesterday. Like the unskilled rider who dismounts for relief, they are frequently driven to bed to recover from their holiday exertions. The amount of exercise must be regulated by its effects on head or spine. Mere muscular fatigue may be overcome by regular walking, but nervous fatigue must be entirely avoided.

If the patient cannot take sufficient exercise to sustain his appetite and digestion, he had better undergo an hour's massage daily. And when he has once gained the power of walking from five to ten miles a day without fatigue of head or spine, he ought, by constant practice, to endeavor to retain it. There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry and increase our open air exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily vocation, have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his medical man that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. One of the hardest worked women in England, who has for many years conducted a

large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.

LET CHINATOWN GO.

What is to be done with Chinatown? The time has about arrived when the progress of a large section depends upon the answer that may be given to that question. The property owners at North Beach, along the Pacific Heights and throughout a large portion of the Western Addition are seriously interested in it. In a less, yet highly important degree, the whole city is concerned.

Chinatown not only blights the large, central and important area which it occupies, but its baleful influence extends far and near. As an unsightly, low, filthy and pestilence-breeding nuisance, it is a noisome ulcer upon the whole city that ought never to have been permitted to assume its present proportions, and that must be removed ere its gangrenous growth destroys a still larger area within the very heart of this beautiful Queen City of the Pacific, of which we are all accustomed to talk so enthusiastically.

Chinatown cannot remain where it is and what it is and San Francisco become a city to be proud of. It is high time, then, that a general concensus of opinion were reached as to how its removal is to be effected. Everybody is agreed, we take it, that it ought to go and that it must be made to go sooner or later, and the only question is as to how its going may be ordered with certainty and dispatch. It is no new thing for power to be found for the condemnation of objectionable quarters of large cities. The process is going on in London pretty nearly all the time. Old rookeries have to give way to the demands of modern progress. Occasionally we hear of buildings cherished for the historical memories that attach to them, having to succumb to the spirit of improvement. During the last fifteen years large portions of the great English metropolis have been so changed that it is no longer the London of even such recent writers as Dickens and Thackeray. In like manner Napoleon III. tore down the old in order to build up a new Paris, that is at once the pride of France and the envy of the world. Even here in San Francisco the process of condemnation is by no means

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without one dollar's expense to the tax payers at large. It is, of course, not within the scope of a short article like this to anticipate all objections as to details. We are very sure that a scheme can be devised by which this great improvement can be effected without actual loss to any body. If that were not possible, it would still be within the competency of the municipality, in its corporate and governing capacity, to condemn Chinatown as a nuisance, and prevent its occupation until rebuilt in a refined and substantial manner.

That might seem hard upon the property owners, but in the end the enforced improvement would prove to be no less to their personal advantage than to the good of the whole city. The best interests of San Francisco declare that Chinatown must go!

PARISH NEWS.

SANTA CLARA.

The annual field-day exercises on Wednesday were a magnificent success. Several previous records were broken. The college buildings surrounding the campus were gaily decorated with bunting. At intervals the young artillerists fired salutes with anvils. At 8:45 the Grand Marshal, Elmer B. Smith, S. B. '91, with his aids, J. G. Caey and T. J. O'Connell, inaugurated the festivities.

The first event was the Senior handicap of 100 yards. The entries were Connor, Heffron, Nealon and McDerby. At the sound of the pistol in the hands of the starter, F. J. Sargent, the four darted forward. McDerby dropped out after a swift spurt. Connor shot ahead and touched the tape in 10 1/2 seconds, with Heffron and Nealon neck and neck behind him. In the Junior handicap (100 yards) R. Williams was the first and George Gordan second; time 11 1/2 seconds. In the running high jump Nealon cleared 8 feet 5 inches, with P. Carroll second. The tennis tournament was a spirited and skillful exhibition. The contest narrowed down to Thos. O'Connell and Ed Kelley. O'Connell having won the best two out of three was declared the winner. In throwing the baseball T. Heffron reached 113 yards, 1 foot 2 inches, with W. Knightly a good second. The following is the list of the rest of the games:

Running hop, step and jump (Junior)—First, F. Graf; second, J. Peters; 36 feet. Same (Seniors)—First, T. McDerby; second, F. Connor; 40 feet.

Putting the shot (thirty pounds)—First, F. Sargent; second, T. Heffron; 22 feet 7 inches.

Tug of war—T. Heffron's team victorious.

Target for guests—J. F. Byrne of Oakland, second; Justin Wilcox of Los Gatos, third.

Obstacle race for students—Ben Marin, second, Ray Bullock.

Sack race—Paul Grotes; second Wm. Laveaga.

Senior handicap (100 yards)—Heffron; second, Nealon; 10 1/2 seconds.

Junior (75 yards dash)—R. Williams; second F. Graf; 9 1/2 seconds.

Hurdle race (120 yards handicap)—P. W. Carroll; second, Frank Russell; 16 seconds.

Climbing slack rope—Gus Madero; second, T. W. Carroll; 38 feet 9 inches.

One mile run—Frank Malone; second T. Leonard; 5 minutes.

The officers of the day were: Grand Marshal, E. E. Smith; '91; Aids—J. G. Carey, T. J. O'Connell; Marshals—Wm. P. Carroll, F. Graf, John O'Gara, J. Kennedy, R. Cliss; Secretaries—Wm. F. Humphrey, Joseph Peters; starter, F. Sargent; Time-keeper, Edwin Rea; Judges—W. DeMartini, W. Knightly, J. McBride, F. Reyes; Referee, Jas. Murphy. Committee on Arrangements—E. E. Smith, J. G. Carey, T. J. O'Connell, W. F. Huynh, F. J. Peters, F. Graf.

In the evening the combination troupe of stars, who turned out to be some festive Seniors and Juniors, favored their schoolmates and the members of the faculty and the invited guests with a very enjoyable melange of conicalities.

The singing of Wilson, Mizner, T. O'Connell, E. E. Smith, J. Nealon, T. Kennedy and Harry O'Connell was enjoyed

very much. The comic oration of Geo. Robinson elicited rounds of Applause.

Professor Poskey with two of his pupils played some artistic pieces

THE WESTERN WITNESS.

TEXT BOOKS ANALYZED.

Further Proof of Their Undesirable Character.

PERFECTLY NON-CATHOLIC.

Extracts From Appleton's Readers and Eggleston's Histories Which Show Them in Their True Light.

That the position assumed last week by the Witness in reference to the adoption of non-Catholic books for use as text books in the parochial schools, was the correct one, is evidenced by the remarks and words of encouragement urging the paper to keep on with its good work, by men of intelligence, teachers in the schools and laymen, parents of children, who look into the books their children are compelled to study, which this paper has received.

The Witness is not a sycophant. It has a mission to perform and when an imposition is practiced, it cannot, in justice to its thousands of readers, accept as infallible the dictum of any man or set of men, when it has the proof at its command as in this instance, that the books to which the exception was made, are not proper books to put in the hands of children to whom it is designed to teach the great truths of the Catholic religion and the doings of its heroes.

This paper is not making any fight for any particular line of books. It wants to see Catholic books used in Catholic schools and taught to Catholic scholars by Catholic teachers. It does not want to see non-Catholic books used in schools which bear the name of Catholic, and which work in, under the guise of rhetorical construction and eloquence, the seeds of infidelity.

It is a singular fact that those members of the school committee who come in direct charge of the children, were opposed to the adoption of the books to which exception was made, while the proposition to adopt the non-Catholic books was carried over their heads by the votes of those who only take a passing interest in the work done by the pupils.

Last week we gave a list of Catholic books and their editors. To-day we present a list of the editors of the Appleton series of readers, and we invite the particular attention of Catholic parents to their names and occupations:

William T. Harris, A. M. LL. D., Superintendent of Schools, St. Louis, Mo.; Andrew J. Rickoff, A. M., Superintendent of Instruction, Cleveland, Ohio; Mark Bailey, A. M., Instructor in Elocution, Yale College.

Two of them are connected with public school work and one is a professor in a Godless College.

Evidently the books approved by his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Spaulding, Bishop Gilmore, Rev. Dr. Braun and other Catholic writers are too Catholic for use in the parochial schools of San Francisco.

Let us take the Fifth Reader of Appleton series, turn to page 13 and read Addison's translation of the Twenty-third Psalm. The foot note says: "A paraphrase," rather than "a translation" of the Twenty-third Psalm. The first verse corresponds to the first as numbered in King James' Version of the Bible ***"

Same page, foot note V, compare the translation with King James' version, etc.

On page 65 are more Psalms, probably from the same notoriously Protestant version of the Bible.

On page 101, "The Effect of Paul's Preaching at Ephesus," the third on page 101, says "Note in the language of the Bible, which is the English of two hundred and fifty years ago," etc., (that was the time of King James), how much bolder the editors are getting in introducing the Protestant Bible through the means of non-Catholic text books into Catholic Parochial schools.

But as they progressed further more Psalms are introduced, and on page 316, foot note 1, we learn "The words in Italics in this piece are printed as they are in King James' version of the Bible, and were supplied by the translators to make the sense complete." Evidently King James' Bible did need some revision a few years ago.

On page 356 the truth about the Protestant version of the Bible, which will after the first of next July be made more familiar to the children attending Catholic parochial schools, is told in the following words: "The translation called 'King James' Version' was made in 1611 by a commission of fifty-four learned men." Why? "Debates of the school men wanted interest and grandeur. History shows that the people of the Middle Ages were intensely interested in these debates; and well they might be, for the subtle distinction made in them related to the question of human freedom and immortality and to God's existence." Col. Ingersoll could not more craftily have put "God's existence" in the background, than have the Protestant editors of this non-Catholic series of text books to be used in the parochial schools of this diocese.

We wonder if any member of the school committee would get up in his pulpit on Sunday and read the Epistle and Gospel of the day from King James's version of the Bible?

Is it necessary to refer to the extract from Dickens on page 50 where he brings the priests into ridicule; to the non-Catholic spirit of the poem on "Sunday," on page 75; to the various extracts from Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and to the fact that there is but a single time when the words "Roman Catholic" are used, and many more of a similar tenor?

Yet these are the non-Catholic readers from which are to be taught the Catholic scholars in Catholic parochial schools in this diocese.

Eggleson's History, as we said in last week's issue, totally ignores the doings of the great Catholic heroes, whose history is so intimately connected with the early settlement of this country. No mention is made in the "First Book in American History," of any of the pioneer priests who explored the vast regions of Florida, the Mississippi basin, established missions in New Mexico and California, bearing the Cross of Christianity among the savages, long before the Declaration of Independence and the acquisition of those great territories by the United States.

In singular contrast with these omissions are the slurs which are cast upon the religion of Columbus, who is the only Catholic to whom is accorded any honor, and that perhaps because the historian could not help himself.

It is of historical record that Columbus prepared himself for his journey into an unknown ocean by fasting and prayer for many days; how when storms beset his path, recourse was had to prayer to quiet the troubled waters; how mass was celebrated on the shores of the new found land on that Friday in October, 1492, and of his attempt to teach the truths of Catholicity to the Indians.

On page 8 this non-Catholic history, soon to be used in the parochial schools of this diocese, says: "Those who were to sail into the 'Sea of Darkness,' took the sacrament."

A very Catholic way of speaking, is it not?"

On page 16, occurs the following beautiful illustration of the deep Catholic religious fervor of Columbus, "Knowing that an eclipse of the moon was about to take place, he (Columbus) told them (the Indians) that a certain god would punish them etc," and this extract is quite well in accord with the total obliviousness to anything pertaining to Catholicity that permeates the entire book.

How much will our scholars of the parochial schools know of the Catholic history of the United States when they get through the school? Is there no Catholic who can write a history that can be taught to them, and must they be imbued with Protestant ideas from the day they enter the Catholic parochial schools in this diocese?

In reply to a letter we have received from a gentleman—a Catholic parent who is deeply concerned in the education of his children—we will state that the charge he has made that the Witness in exposing the adoption of non-Catholic books for use in the parochial schools of this diocese is actuated by sordid motives, is entirely untrue. In the list of firms publishing Catholic books appeared the name of the Catholic Publication Society; this should have read the Catholic Publication Society Co. of N. Y., whose Catholic books and readers are now in use in some of the parochial schools.

This gentleman has evidently gone to the Catholic Publishing Society of San Francisco mixed up with the company of the tautological name in New York. The Catholic Publishing Society of San Francisco has never attempted to handle a line of Catholic text books, finding that the Witness requires all the attention that can be bestowed upon it to keep it the leading Catholic paper of the Pacific Coast.

Latest—We have learned from a reliable source that his Grace, the Most Reverend Archbishop, has ordered the Secretary of the School Committee to send him all the various school books, that he may submit them to a personal examination.

New Newspapers.

The first number of a new German literary journal called *California* has been issued by A. M. Schutt and Otto Von Ploennies, under the editorial management of the latter. It is replete with poems and stories written exclusively by California writers among whom may be mentioned Theo. Kirchhoff, Dr. Carl Castellun, Geo. Schleyer, Max Cohnheim and others. It is clearly printed on fine paper, has a handsome cover symbolic of the varied industries of the state from which it takes its name, and should meet with good encouragement among the German speaking community.

Under the management of W. D. S. Harrington, the Forester Publishing Co. has issued a journal known as the *Forester of America*, and devoted to the interest of the American Foresters. It is an eight page paper, handsomely printed, full of interesting reading matter, and contains a large number of likenesses of the prominent members of the order. It is full of matter interesting to the members of that fraternity and starts out with every assurance of success. Mr. Harrington, the manager is a man of marked newspaper ability, stands high in the councils of the order and the new paper starts out with every assurance of a very successful career.

The rainy season is at hand so be wise and have your roof prepared for it. Go to Ahlbach & Kayser, 426 Hayes St. They do that kind of work.

LONE MOUNTAIN'S CROSS.

Ida Louise Roberts Describes Her Visit to the Ancient Landmark.

In crossing from Oakland to San Francisco far away to the westward can be seen a lofty, isolated peak, which is fittingly termed Lone Mountain. It stands, as it were, looking out to the ocean; at its base, nestled in the valleys; beyond, the pretty suburb, Oakland, the purple hills of Berkeley and Alameda seemed like fairy visions. I sat down at the foot of the cross with my hand still resting on it, and looked and looked again at the beautiful scene of city, mountains, ocean. I could breathe the salt air of the sea, that sea which in its changing aspects to me is ever the most interesting and wonderful study, I seemed (my trouble for the moment forgotten) lifted above all the cares, worries, ambitions of the stirring city below, but like all human mortals I had come down from the heights and with a parting glance at the now darkening view and cross, I slowly began the rough descent, but my mental burden, alas, I still carried, and many a long glance I cast backward to the cross.

What a weary way the Jesuits must

have taken to carry up that immense structure, but no task seems too great or impossible to attempt when these brilliant, learned and undaunted upholders of the church are foremost. At last, after many a scramble and tumble, I reached the base and turned into the quaint graveyard, where rich and poor, learned and ignorant, lady and servant, foreign or American born, sleep side by side, all equal here. Nature has gilded tomb and grave alike with verdure and bloom, scattering only a handful of simple daisies, perhaps, near the stately tomb, while a rare crimson rose bends lovingly over some lowly grassed mound with but a small wooden cross to mark it. There were many low wooden, arbor-like structures, where enclosed behind glass were the rosary and crucifix presumably of the occupant, or toys, if perchance, it was a child. Yet once again I turned to look backward at Lone Mountain. Now, in the distance the sun was setting and the clouds all of pink glory. Against that background of rose colored light, the shining ocean and purple mountains, the great white cross outlined itself far up on the peak, and I seemed in that moment to be on the scene of Calvary, and to my wondering, dreaming eyes there shone clearly upon it the bleeding suffering form of the King of Kings, the crucified Christ, and I watched and watched with tear-wet eyes till the sunset colors had paled away and the cross was no longer visible.

—IDA L. ROBERTS in *The Republic*.

We wish to draw the attention of the public at large to our Artistic Photographer FOWLER. Medals received at Mechanic's Institute, 1890, for most excellent quality of work, and 1891 for most Artistic Photographs. Studio, 337 Hayes street; branch, 1227 Market street, San Francisco. Copying and enlarging of all kinds in Crayon, India Ink and Water Colors.

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Ice Cream to Order a Specialty.

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Fresh Novelties in Millinery This Week.

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Rooms of the vicinity at large.

Suits made to order at the shortest notice.

FOR SALE.

"Count Censius and Gregory VII."

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THE STORY OF DORIS.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"No, I do not like it," he said. "Why? Well, it seems to me you ought to know. Say I'm prejudiced, but I do not like it for you."

They were watering the garden together. He drew the great buckets from the well and filled the watering pots, and she took the little one and he the big one and they went down the long, brick paved paths between the borders and the grass plots giving the flowers a generous showering, for the weather was dry, and roses and tiger lilies, flox and gladiolas, coreopsis and portulaca, sweet peas, poppies, lady slippers and marigolds were all athirst. Frank had come over specially to help Doris. He had said to his grandmother one afternoon, "It seems wrong to see a woman dragging up those great buckets." And his grandmother had replied, "That's right, Franklin, I like to see that spirit in a boy; help her every evening."

From that time Franklin Fairfax had regularly jumped the dividing fence between the gardens when Doris Morton had appeared at the kitchen door with her watering pots, and the old lady felt that she had commanded the performance of this neighborly deed and was quite satisfied.

Though his grandmother considered him a boy, Franklin was quite old enough to use his own discretion in such matters. But this innocent little maneuver of his had made it easy to make the first breach in a barrier built between the houses of Morton and Fairfax by a neighbors' quarrel of some years' standing.

The Fairfax pigs and piglets had once upon a time broken their bonds and got into the Morton kitchen garden, and Matthias Morton—Mean Morton they called him in the village—had locked them up and presented the Widow Fairfax with a bill for damages. This she had mildly and obstinately refused to pay, and the pigs were sold and the money went into Mean Morton's pocket.

On the day that the final deed was done his Grandma Fairfax had said to Franklin:

"Franklin, my child, thee will not hold any conversation with Doris Morton from this time forth. Thee will have no more to do with these people, nor will I. Thee can see the impossibility thyself."

Even then Franklin had thought Doris the sweetest little girl alive, but he was very young and she not grown up, and he had been wrathful with Mean Morton and thought his grandmother very badly used. He literally obeyed her until a year later. Meeting Doris in the village streets she had spoken to him of her own accord:

"I should like you to know that I feel that uncle was unneighborly," she said. "I want your grandma to know I feel that way. I tried to drive the pigs back, and of course I knew that it was an accident, for your people are always particular and careful not to do anything that is not right. I think it was Uncle Morton's great love for money that made him do what he did. I'm sorry, for he is my father's brother, and dear pa was so different, but he is so close that everything is uncomfortable. I am sure he worried Aunt Sarah into the lunatic asylum, where she will end her days, I suppose, and I have a hard life of it. Frank, harder than any one knows."

As she talked, Franklin noticed how soft her eyes were and how dark, and what a pretty mouth she had, and yet how tired she looked.

"I'm very glad you told me how you feel, Doris," he said. "I never supposed you had anything to do with what happened, and I have often wished to have some of our old talk, only out of regard to grandmother's feelings. I—"

"I know," said Doris, "and you'll tell her how I feel?"

That day they walked together until the roofs of the neighboring houses were visible, and when they parted Doris offered her hand to Franklin.

Sweet little thrills ran up his arm to his heart as he took it, and he was already in love with the girl, though he did not know it.

He told his grandmother what had passed and the old Quakeress replied:

"I am glad that the child takes a proper view of the matter. But still, it will be best to have no more to do with Neighbor Morton's folks. Thee will see the wisdom of such a course thyself."

Franklin was wise enough never to let his grandmother know how often he met Doris after that; how they walked together in the chestnut woods on Sunday afternoons; how he rowed her about in his little flat bottomed fishing boat on the river in the moonlight; how, day by day and hour by hour, he grew fonder of her.

And now that he had caused the old lady to command him to help Doris water her flowers, all would be smooth and easy. He said to himself it was not as if Doris were Morton's own daughter. She was his niece and he made her his drudge. He had driven his poor wife mad with constant little torments. He had banished his son from home by such usage as a boy of any spirit must resent, and knew not whether he were dead or alive, prosperous or in poverty.

When his brother's little girl had been left an orphan, he had taken her to his home, saving thereby the expense of a servant and making her a drudge.

Franklin, a new fledged civil engineer with a prospect of a good appointment, knew what poor Doris had to bear, and his one great hope was to take her from all this one day and place her in a home of her own, a home he would make beautiful for her, and where she should reign a queen. Meanwhile they had become engaged. Oh, happy moment, indelibly written on Frank's memory, stamped on the heart of little Doris in characters never to be obliterated, when there in

the chestnut woods he asked and she replied, and yet you might call it a very commonplace picture if I were to paint it for you. Only a girl in a little faded blue calico dress, and a young man in the unpicturesque costume of our time and country.

She blushed. He looked as though he caught a glimpse of heaven, and from the unpainted porch of Mean Morton's homestead came the shrill voice of the old man:

"Do-ris! Do-ris! where air you, Do-ris? That gal is never round when a body wants her."

"No matter, Doris," said Franklin. "Some day, my pet, some day." And he kissed her thrice before she ran away.

II.



"I suppose it is fascinating, but it is dangerous."

They had been engaged three months now, those two whom we left watering the flowers, without telling the reader what Franklin did not like for Doris."

After he had said that they went back to the well, and the watering pots were filled before either spoke a word. Then Doris said:

"I should think you'd like it better for me than washing dishes. Frank, it is better than the drudgery I have been at for years, and if I have talents, as Mr. Goldmark says I have!"

"I suppose he knows," said Frank, "I suppose they know their business, those men; and I must say that, though I am no judge, I think you did splendidly the night of the fair. But private theatricals are one thing, and public another. I couldn't bear the thought of it, Doris. How did he come to think of proposing such a thing to you?"

They had come to the great snowball bushes at the farther end of the garden. Grandma Fairfax could not see them from the porch, and every evening at this time Matthias Morton went to the store, ostensibly for his mail, but actually to gossip.

There was a bench here, with an empty beehive of the old fashioned, cone-topped sort on one end, and on the other end they sat down together. He put his arm around her waist, and she let her head drop on his shoulder, and so they talked. Miss Chandler managed the little play they had one afternoon at the rooms where they held the fair for the orphan asylum." Doris said, "and she teaches the district school, and long ago I was her scholar for a little while, and I spoke my pieces very well, she said, and she wanted somebody for a part in the play and asked me."

"Uncle said I might, only I mustn't ask him for money for anything. I did not. We made my costume out of some old furniture chintz and old lace curtains I found in the garret. And, oh! I never was so happy as while I was on the stage playing that part and everybody applauding!"

"Ah!" sighed Franklin, "I suppose it is fascinating, but it is dangerous."

"Why, Frank, you clapped too," said Doris. "I wouldn't have been happy if you hadn't."

Franklin cheered up a little.

And after the audience all went home I staid to help Miss Chandler give the orphans their feast—cakes and cream and candies."

"Yes, I remember that, too," said Frank, "because I wanted to walk home with you and waited for you and you did not come."

"What a shame," said Doris. "But I must hurry, because we have no time to spare. I cannot drag my story on like this—and I haven't any time to—well, just one—there. Where was I?"

"Stuffing the orphans," said Franklin.

"For shame! I was handing the cakes to the poor, dear little things." Doris when on, "when a stout gentleman came into the room and began talking to little Tom Bell. It seems Tom's father had been an actor and this gentleman, who was a manager, had known him, and he came to see Tom and made him presents, and bought lots of things at the fair and gave them all to the children. And Tom had taken a little part and he told him he had talent and would play as well as his father one day, and then he said, 'And the young lady, bless me, the young lady, Miss Morton, Miss Morton. I must speak to her. She was wonderful! wonderful! wonderful!' He said everything over twice, you know, sometimes three times."

"Yes," said Franklin, "he must have liked to hear himself talk and hadn't enough ideas to fill out with."

"Well, he had one idea, anyhow," said Doris, pouting.

When Miss Chandler brought him up to me and said, "Miss Morton, Mr. Goldmark desires an introduction." He began right away, "My dear young lady."

"Like his impudence! Dear, indeed," said Franklin.

"Why, you always say my dear Miss So-and-so in a letter, don't you?" said Doris. "It was like 'hat.'

Franklin kicked the smaller watering pot over and said no more.

"He said it, anyhow," pursued Doris. "My dear young lady."

"Say that twice!" asked Franklin.

"Yes," said Doris, "he did. 'I never

THE WESTERN WITNESS.

in all my life saw an amateur do so well, never, never, never. Wish I had you in my company; wish I had. With a little training, just a little training, and all that freshness and sweetness you'd make the loveliest ingenue on the stage."

"Doris, if I had been there I'd have kicked him out," said Franklin, sending the other watering pot spinning over the gravel and making a face.

"You'll have a hole in that next," said Doris, "and I'm glad to see you've hurt your toe. What is an ingenue on the stage?"

"I don't know," said Franklin. "And did you listen to all that?"

"Why, yes," said Doris. "And I asked him if he really meant it; and he said come and see him next season and he'd give me a part. He was just as nice! Oh, he was as old as Uncle Matthias, Frank. And he gave me his card. And, Frank, if you should go away why couldn't I go and act. Just while you were gone. I should get paid for it. And I am so tired of housework and my miserable life with Uncle Matthias."

"Frank, would it not be better for me to act nice parts in a nice theater while you are away? Unless you go, of course I'd rather stay here—and get a salary, and—"

Suddenly Frank burst into a loud laugh, throwing his head back as if the best joke of the season had been whispered in his ear.

"What an idiot I am!" he cried. "Why, Doris, he was only giving you taft."

"That is slang of some sort I presume," said Doris with dignity. "You'll have to interpret it into English, such as I understand."

"Well, what I mean, my dear Doris," said Frank, trying to put his arm about her waist, only to have it pushed away with great decision, "what I mean is just this. I suppose acting is a trade like anything else people earn money by, and it is not likely you could step on the stage at once and play. An experienced person, a manager, would know that. You were a pretty girl who did well enough—very well for an amateur show, gotten up for charity's sake, and he said what would please you. He would never dream of giving you a part to play when there are hundreds of actresses born and bred to the stage, as one may say. You may have talent, I don't deny that."

"Oh, you don't!" cried Doris. "I am much obliged to you, Frank, for admitting that I may have talent. Mr. Goldmark said I had."

"Well, if you had," said Franklin, "you'd have to choose between the stage and me. I don't want my promised wife tried in the furnace, even if she stands the test."

"Oh, what do you mean, Frank?" cried Doris.

"I'm very glad you don't know, darling," said Franklin.

"Of course I should never think of doing what you disapproved of, Frank," the girl sighed: "only I shall be so wretched if you go away. I thought of it as my only resort, for no one ever taught me to sew well. I cannot make little box hedgerow lay between Franklin and Fairfax and herself."

If Frank got his appointment she must lead this life for three long years. And she made up her mind to it. Who shall say there are no martyrs in this century?

Doris did not know of the big letter it with the waxen seal that evening, but it was no surprise to her, when before breakfast Frank came to the fence and whistled.

"For heaven's sake go into the orchard," he said. "I will come to you there. The letter came last night. I shall have no other time to talk to you."

Her heart quailed and her very lips grew pale as she heard the news, and how she sobbed, down there under the apple trees.

"Three years! Three eternities!"

"I don't see how I can live through it," she said. "I have nothing but you." And then she felt, perhaps, he too understood how much there is for a man besides his love, however true. How little for women.

"Letters, darling, letters," he said.

"And we will be together in heart, and when it is over, we will almost forget that we have ever been parted."

"When it is over! Ah, me!" was all she answered. And neither of them spoke of her little dream of going on the stage.

To Franklin it was too absurd to be taken seriously. To Doris, a beautiful thing forbidden, for she was sure that Mr. Goldmark meant every word he uttered.

He walked to the mantelpiece and took up a letter that had been placed there—a letter of unusual size, sealed with brown wax. He read it through twice. When he had finished, his good old grandmother was still talking in her slow, measured, sing song way.

"I do not deem it desirable that thee should linger in Friend Morton's garden after she has finished thy task," she was saying, and he answered:

"I'm not likely to do so, grandmother. I've got my appointment. I'll be miles away before the week is over. I shall not be at home again for three years."

Then silence fell upon the old "keeping room" where they sat. The voice of the tall clock in the corner made itself audible—tick-tack-tock, tick-tack-tock. Both listened to it. It seemed to be saying something cruel.

"Paraventure I may lie beside thy grandfather before thee returns," said the Widow Fairfax. "I have passed the allotted threescore and ten."

"It is the sort of thing a civil engineer expects," the young man said. "I am lucky to have so good an appointment so early in life." But the tears were in his eyes. For the first time he realized what exile from home would be to him. How dear this quaint old Quaker grandmother was to his heart! How sweet the stolen meetings with Doris. He had had a half mind to decline this position for which he had worked with all his might and ask for the vacant clerkship at the store, and stay at home with these two beloved women. Only it was too absurd, but he would reproach himself all his life for missing that tide in his affairs which might have led on to fortune.

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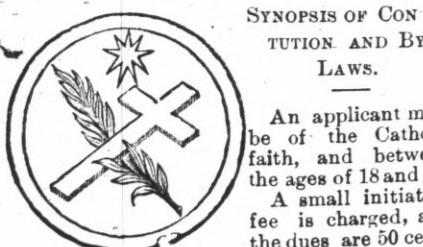
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THE WESTERN WITNESS.

Young Men's Institute.



SYNOPSIS OF CONSTITUTION AND BY LAWS.

An applicant must be of the Catholic faith, aged between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged, and the dues are 50 cents per month.

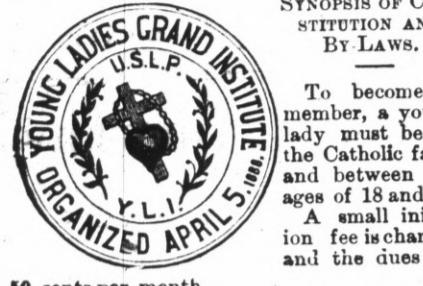
A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident.

Upon the death of a member in good standing, his heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$500.

INSTITUTE No. 4 meets second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Laurel Hall, 32 O'Farrell Street, near Grant Avenue. James J. Degan, P.; Fred V. Flynn, F. V. P.; William McGeeney, S. V. P.; J. H. Sullivan, R. S.; D. J. Ahern, F. S.; Peter A. Ryan, C. S.; John B. McIntyre, T.; J. Calaghan, M.; T. L. Mahoney, M. D., S. E. C.; H. J. Siedenberg, Lewis M. Bannon, J. Murphy, M. Carr, J. N. McLaughlin.

INSTITUTE No. 55, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of every month at eight o'clock, at Concord Hall Alazar Building, S. Rudidell, P.; D. J. O'Flaherty, F. V. P.; J. S. McCormick, S. V. P.; Andrew Oliver, M.; E. Lester, R. S.; A. Schmidt, C. S.; Robert Morris, F. S.; C. Dr. Morris, P. F. Shea, John Kingwell, W. J. Carlin, James Mullin, S.; D. McGovern.

Young Ladies Institute.



SYNOPSIS OF CONSTITUTION AND BY LAWS.

To become a member, a young lady must be of the Catholic faith and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged and the dues are 50 cents per month.

A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident.

Upon the death of a member in good standing, her heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$150.

Grand Officers of the Y. L. I.

[OFFICIAL]

HEADQUARTERS, MURPHY BUILDING.

Mrs. D. F. Ragan, P. G. P.; 735 Hayes St.; Ella M. Comyns, G. P.; 326 Stock St. Antonio; F. Conlin, G. P.; 1st Van Ness Ave.; Mrs. K. Murphy, Building, S. F. Mrs. N. Fleming, G. T.; 811 Center St. Oakland. Directors—Kate Conlin, Mary Wynne, Ida Mc Adam, Geraldine Mulcahy, Mrs. W. E. Greany, Miss Annie Potthoff, Miss Kate Turner, Mrs. K. V. Doyle, Mrs. M. A. Nagle, Mrs. Mary Ward.

INSTITUTE No. 2, meets every Friday evening at St. George's Hall, 3001 Market Street. Mrs. G. Long, P. G. P.; 222 Hayes St.; Miss Annie Potthoff, P. G. P.; 222 Hayes St.; Miss A. Gately, 1st V. P.; 544 Natoma; Miss A. Gately, 2d V. P.; 126 Eddy St.; Miss N. Winter, R. S.; 735 Harrison; Mrs. M. A. Devine, T.; 415 Tehama st.; Miss Kate Desmond, M.; 369 Jessie; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P.; 997 Market.

Young Men's Institute.

Conducted by STEPHEN R. O'KEEFE. Address Communications to 325 Montgomery Street.

No. 56, Portland, has elected F. O'Dea and Eli Sharrett delegates to the next Grand Council.

Sacramento Council No. 27 at their last regular meeting elected J. T. Huntington and J. C. Kelly delegates, and T. F. Carolan and J. J. Dwyer alternates to the eighth Grand Council at Fresno.

The members of Alameda Council are preparing for presentation, Augustine Daly's comedy "7-20-8," which has already been presented by professional talent. It is a companion piece to "A Night Off," which was presented by the members of the Institute from the original manuscript in the possession of Mr. Daly.

Grand President James F. Smith attended the joint ball given by the Y. L. I. and Y. M. I. on August 10th at Santa Cruz.

D. J. Hallahan of Council No. 127, Oakland and C. P. Warren of Sacramento Council No. 27, officiated as Floor Managers at the Institute joint ball in Santa Cruz.

The Y. M. I. was well represented at Camp Columbus during encampment week.

M. C. Hassett and Mrs. Hassett spent some days at Santa Cruz last week and were popular guests at Camp Columbus.

J. J. O'Brien and Ed R. Myrick of Pioneer Council visited the National Guard encampment at Santa Cruz and spent three days with the boys.

Grand President James F. Smith of Co. F of the 3d Infantry had the most prettily decorated tent in the whole National guard at Camp Columbus. The gallant Captain has a genius for decoration.

Grand officers J. E. Kenny, John Lynch, Jos. G. Morrissey and Geo. A. Stanley visited the Gilroy Council of the Y. M. I. on Saturday last, and were received and most hospitably entertained by the Gilroy boys. On Sunday the same officers went to Watsonville, where they were soon joined by Grand President Smith, who went down in the morning from Santa Cruz.

There was a large meeting of the Watsonville Council on Sunday, and here,

Brother J. H. Higgins of the firm of Higgins & Rothkopf, manufacturing jewelers and diamond setters at 208 Sutter street, has designed a handsome Institute Badge at a very reasonable cost. An inspection of the same will repay you.

as well as in Gilroy, the Y. M. I. have made a great deal of progress. Watsonville Council has one of the most prettily furnished halls in the State and deserves great credit for the work done.

The Board of Grand Directors met on Wednesday evening and transacted the usual routine business. There was nothing of importance before them and they finished their work early.

A delegation from Mission Council No. 3 and another from Ignatian Council No. 35 visited Pioneer Council on Wednesday evening.

At Santa Cruz, on Wednesday, the 10th, the Y. M. I., and the Y. L. I. of that place gave a joint ball, which was an immense success. The hall was crowded, and many of the military boys were present. The committees having the affair in charge did nobly and reaped an ample reward of praise from all who were present.

The sort of entertainment to be given by the Board of Presidents of the city councils will be in the nature of a theatrical benefit to take place in the near future at one of the first class theatres. The arrangements are still incomplete.

Rev. Father Sheridan, from Carson City, Nev., who is an enthusiastic member of the local branch of the Y. M. I., is spending a few days in the city.

Rev. C. E. O'Neill will soon be given a fair by his parishioners at Novato, for the object of erecting a parochial residence. Father O'Neill deserves the support of the Y. M. I. in this matter, for no better member lives than he.

Atlantic Jurisdiction.

The Y. M. I. picnic will go down the corridor of time, says the New Haven, Ky., Echo as one of the most enjoyable days the good people of this section ever spent on an occasion of this kind. The unfavorable weather that morning made the boys, who had labored so hard, feel rather blue, but soon the sunlight and the gathering crowd dispelled all fears. The first thing on the program was the baby show. Rev. James McCullough and Messrs. Lloyd W. Shawler and Clem C. Calhoun acted as Judges. The ring for the finest looking boy baby was given to George A., son of M. Boone of Lunar, and that for the prettiest baby girl was given off by Lena, the five months old daughter of Mr. Williams Hill. After dinner the candidates spoke. First on the list was Samuel E. Jones, for Circuit Judge, who was followed by John S. Kelly, Bardstown for same office. Then Mr. Chas. Carroll of Bullet County was presented and set forth his claim for Commonwealth's Attorney. He was followed by David S. Wood, Albert W. Scott and Greenwood Taylor, all for the above office. Each candidate was well received. After that came the cake walk, which was won by John J. Barry and Miss Mattie Ross. The crowd during the day was estimated at 1500 people.

The members of the Y. M. I. desire to express their thanks to each and every one who helped to make the day a successful one.

Had the Y. M. I., or any branch of it in this city invited office-seekers to address them in this manner some of the sperers here would go howling mad. Yet in the great commonwealth of Kentucky it is not considered out of place to do such things. Here, if the Y. M. I. takes an active part in anything of this kind or even permitted it, it would be accused of being in politics. We certainly have a great deal to learn and let us take a lesson from the New Haven boys and improve on it.

Grand President James F. Smith attended the joint ball given by the Y. L. I. and Y. M. I. on August 10th at Santa Cruz.

D. J. Hallahan of Council No. 127, Oakland and C. P. Warren of Sacramento Council No. 27, officiated as Floor Managers at the Institute joint ball in Santa Cruz.

The Y. M. I. was well represented at Camp Columbus during encampment week.

M. C. Hassett and Mrs. Hassett spent some days at Santa Cruz last week and were popular guests at Camp Columbus.

J. J. O'Brien and Ed R. Myrick of Pioneer Council visited the National Guard encampment at Santa Cruz and spent three days with the boys.

Grand President James F. Smith of Co. F of the 3d Infantry had the most prettily decorated tent in the whole National guard at Camp Columbus. The gallant Captain has a genius for decoration.

Grand officers J. E. Kenny, John Lynch, Jos. G. Morrissey and Geo. A. Stanley visited the Gilroy Council of the Y. M. I. on Saturday last, and were received and most hospitably entertained by the Gilroy boys. On Sunday the same officers went to Watsonville, where they were soon joined by Grand President Smith, who went down in the morning from Santa Cruz.

There was a large meeting of the Watsonville Council on Sunday, and here,

Brother J. H. Higgins of the firm of Higgins & Rothkopf, manufacturing jewelers and diamond setters at 208 Sutter street, has designed a handsome Institute Badge at a very reasonable cost. An inspection of the same will repay you.

Kinsley, Anna Ford, Mamie Clements, Kate Griffith, Virginia Sylva, Sarah Lockhart and Maggie Galvin.

At the next meeting of No. 32 in San Jose nine ladies will be initiated; this enterprising branch is scarcely a year organized and it has now nearly one hundred members.

Misses B. and L. Malloy, both of whom at present are officers in No. 32, will be transferred to No. 15 of West Oakland, on account of their removal from San Jose to the above named city.

No. 2 will give its fifth annual donation party in November, and as yet it is not decided who shall be the recipients of the proceeds.

No. 4 will give an entertainment in Olympic Hall on Tuesday evening, Sept. 27th, the proceeds to be placed in the sick benefit fund.

The headquarter committee will meet this evening in Room 72, Murphy Bdg.

Miss Katie Gleeson, treasurer of No. 1, is spending her vacation at the home of her father in Bolinas.

Miss Nellie Hart of No. 15, has been appointed D. D. G. P. for No. 39.

No. 34 of Seattle will celebrate its first first communion for children making their first first communion for sale by the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes st.

The Grand President paid an official visit to No. 9 on last Monday evening.

The new constitutions are now ready and all Institutes will be supplied during the coming week.

No. 1 will give a grand entertainment in B. B. Hall on Tuesday evening, Aug. 30th.

The members of No. 2 are working earnestly with their chance books on the sewing machine and already over one hundred dollars has been collected.

No. 5 of Grass Valley will give an invitation party on the 23d inst.

We are pleased to note that Mrs. G. Tracy of No. 5 who was dangerously ill is now fully recovered.

*** * * C. L. A. S. ***

The following quarterly report has been filed by No. 18, South San Francisco for the quarter ending August 1st: Total active membership, 29; honorary, 47; contributing, 9; visits to the sick, 19; visits to the needy, 20; persons furnished employment, 5; persons assisted, 9; families assisted, 2; visits to hospitals, 15; amount expended for relief, \$25.55.

Mr. and Mrs. Lohse and two children will leave for the Hotel del Mar on Tuesday next.

Miss Mary Scully has returned from Santa Maria and gives a glowing account of life by the seashore.

By the aid of the Charleston's search lights the visitors at the Hotel del Mar were enabled to view the military maneuvers during several nights of encampment week.

No formal meeting of the board of directors was held on Monday, as no quorum was present. It is probable a meeting will be called for the first Monday in September.

Many of the ladies of Branch 8 are interested in the Cathedral booth at the coming fair in aid of the Sisters of the Holy Family.

No. 8 is rapidly increasing in membership, applications being received at every meeting. Unless some of the older branches look to their laurels No. 8 will soon be the banner branch of the order.

The Hotel del Mar is filled with guests a large contingent being present from Stockton.

Invitations have been issued by No. 9 for their first anniversary reunion at St. Charles' Hall on Tuesday, the 23d instant.

FIN, FEATHER AND FUR.

There are 50,000 muscles in an elephant's trunk.

The shepherd dog is the best mother in the animal kingdom.

No bird can fly backward without turning; the dragonfly, however, can do this, and can outstrip the swallow in speed.

Germany has a boarding establishment for birds, where the feathered ones are taken care of while their owners are away.

It is not generally known that Great Britain, in spite of the progress of civilization, still possesses more species of wild fowl than any other European country, however favored by nature as regards breeding places.

There is a cat in Portland, Ind., which associates entirely with hens, eating everything they eat, even to shelled corn, and every night it perches itself on the roof alongside of the old rooster. The hens look upon the cat as one of themselves.

The following ladies and gentlemen comprised the various committees:

Arrangements—Misses Lizzie House, Nellie Thornton, Mary Regan, Maggie Galyan, Lucy House and Mary Shaughnessy, Messrs. G. S. Tait, J. J. Roney, J. Stanton and W. Williams.

Reception—Misses Annie Dorsey, A.

And Beautiful Complexion.

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Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1892.

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(Formerly 569 MARKET STREET.)

UNION PACIFIC RAILWAY.

We would inform our lady patrons that we have engaged Miss Annette Erickson to take charge of our hair dressing department. Dressing hair for weddings, parties and photos a specialty. If you want your complexion charming use Rose Almond Cerate, free trial. Bangs trimmed and curled; plain dressing, 25 cents. Lessons given in manicure and hair dressing. La Verita Toilet Bazaar, 1170 Market street, over the Maze.

A choice assortment of rosaries, prayer books and pictures suitable for presents for children making their first first communion for sale by the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes st.

A large assortment of Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry for the holidays at very reasonable prices, can be had at W. Scheppeler's, 1071 Market St.

Full charge taken of Hat and Cloak Rooms for Balls and Parties. Mrs. T. J. Finnerty, 628 Minna street.

Gas Fitting, sanitary Pluming or leaky-roof repairing orders will be promptly attended to at Ahlbach and Kayser, 426 Hayes St.

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THE WESTERN WITNESS.

Juvenile Department.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

Dogs as Military Heroes.

Apropos of the recent movement of having a regularly trained corps of dogs attached to the French army for duty as skirmishers and pickets, a Paris paper has published an interesting list of dogs that have distinguished themselves in war.

For instance, there was Bob of the Grenadiers, which went through the Crimean campaign with that gallant corps; and of whitepaw Patte Blanche, a brave French ally of Bob, that was present during the same campaign of the One-Hundred-and-Sixteenth of the line, and was wounded in defending the flag.

Another, Moustache, was entered on the strength of his regiment as entitled to a Grenadier's rations. The barber of his company had orders to clip and comb him once a week. The gallant animal received a bayonet thrust at Marengo, and recovered a flag at Austerlitz. Marshall Lannes had Moustache decorated with a medal attached to his neck with a red ribbon.

A dog known as Corps de Garde followed a soldier to Marengo, was wounded at Austerlitz, and perished in the retreat from Russia. The sixth of the guard had a military mastiff named Misere, which wore three white stripes sewn on his black hair. We have also to name Pompon of the Forty-eighth Bedouins, the best sentry of the baggage train; Loucoute, a Crimean heroine; Mitraille, killed at Inkermann by a shell; Moffino, that saved his master in Russia but was lost or lost himself, but found his way alone from Moscow to Milan, his first dwelling place.

The most remarkable, however, was the last, an English harrier named Mustapha, which went into action with his English comrades at Fontenoy, and we are seriously told "remained alone by a field piece after the death of the gunner, his master, clapped the match to the touch-hole of the cannon, and thus killed seventy soldiers," and it is further added that Mustapha was presented to King George II. and rewarded with an alimentary pension.

The Fisherman's Boy.

A fisherman who habitually drank to excess used to sail from a small cove on the Scotch coast to the fishing grounds several miles out on the ocean. There was no light-house to guide him, not even a beacon light and the channel was intricate. When the man had taken a drop too much and night had fallen, it was dangerous work entering the cove. His little son used to watch for his father's coming, and as soon as he saw him he would run down to the point and cry out:

"Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

The boy died and one evening the father was sitting at a lonely fireside. His conscience troubled him for he had been thinking over the sins of his life. As the night settled down he thought he heard the voice of his boy sing through the darkness: "Steer straight for me, father, and you'll get safe home!"

Springing to his feet he called out: "You're right this time, my son!"

From that moment he was a changed man, one whose sobriety and pious life attested the genuineness of his conversion.

A Lesson in Politeness.

Honest people, though, sometimes fall into the mistake of thinking that honesty will do without courtesy or politeness, and while we trust and respect them we find them disagreeable. It is easily possible to be honest and also courteous. We are all dependent on each other. It is foolish to deny it and unwise not to agree in it and practice it.

It sometimes happens that we hurt the feelings of others without intending it; but in such a case, if resentment is shown we should not be offended in turn, but should apologize gracefully for the unintentional wrong we have done.

A young French prince one day strayed from a hunting party in the forest of Fontainbleau and wandered a number of miles, not knowing which way to go to rejoin the huntsmen. At length he met a peasant boy who was crossing a piece of wood and he stopped him and asked him in the tone he was accustomed to speak to servants what route he must take. The peasant boy made no reply. The prince repeated the question, but still received no answer. Surprised, the prince said laughing: "Thou art then deaf and dumb?"

A lie a mile away looks a good deal like the truth.

Bad men are the most anxious to be well thought of.

Give a lie room enough and it will run itself to death.

The only reason why all men do not hate sin is because they cannot see its face.

PIANOS Knabe, Haines, Bush & Gerts, others. Oak or Inlaid Cases. Rented and Required. Please call or send for circulars. 503 Stutter St., S. F.



Rev. Father Conradi.

AMONGST THE LEPROS.

An Interesting Letter from the Island of Molokai.

The Rev. L. L. Conrady, one of the two priests on the island of Molokai and in whose arms Father Damien expired, writes to Father Vallee, O. P., of this city, says the *Catholic Review* of New York, and after declaring that he suffers from asthma, says: "In regard to leprosy—I won't say I have it, but of this I cannot be sure. When it breaks out, then one knows. I don't wish to get it. If it comes, I will have to receive it; but, if with leprosy asthma develops itself, I shall be pretty badly off. I would rather be a leper than to suffer much with asthma. Leprosy is often painless and does not incapacitate you for work, but asthma does, and makes you suffer....As a matter of course everything is saturated with leprosy. The chickens eat the decaying bits of skin and flesh that the lepers pick from their fingers and hands, and when you break a fresh egg at table, the odor of leprosy comes from it. Visiting the poor lepers you cannot be standing up all the time—you sit down on bed, chair, box or floor, you open a door or window, the lepers have touched these things a thousand times, so you take more or less of leper matter, and if you have a scratch or finger or hand before washing your hands you thoughtlessly rub your eye or sore mouth, you inoculate yourself. You notice it when too late....I recommend myself and my poor afflicted people to the prayers of the Fathers and the faithful. We need prayers very much." Pray for him, brethren, that God may sustain him to the end and that the poor lepers to whom he ministers may so live as to deserve an immortality free from sin, sorrow and sickness!

SOME POTENT REASONS

Why Catholic Children Should Attend Parochial Schools.

Rev. Dr. Brann, pastor of the Church of St. Agnes, East 43d street, writing in the *School Journal* answers the question "Why build a parochial school?" with these excellent reasons:

1 Because we want to please God by educating our children in the true religion. "Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Hebrews xiv.)

2 Because a Catholic school is the only one in which Catholic faith and morality are taught and fostered.

3 Because religion is more necessary to the child than anything else. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul." (Matt. xvi. v. 26)

4 Because we know that children trained to practice their religion are the only ones who will make pure, truthful, honest men and women.

5 Because we believe that children trained to practice their religion are the only ones who will make pure, truthful, honest men and women.

6 Because we believe that the best Christians make the best patriots, the best citizens, the best soldiers.

7 Because as good Catholics we must obey our bishops, who in the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore decreed that every Catholic Church should have a school attached to it; and that Catholics should contribute to the support of parochial schools.

8 Because as good Americans we love our country too well to risk its ruin by socialists and anarchists, who are the legitimate spawn of an infidel system of education.

9 Because as true Americans we wish to preserve the old American system of education in which there was no divorce between religion and science; and because we know that the present system of state education without religion is a foreign infidel importation.

A parochial school is a fortress of religion.

An Enterprising Man.

MACON, Mo., April 10, '91.
Queen City Silver & Nickel Plating Co.,
East St. Louis, Ill.:

I read Mrs. Bailey's experience and am tempted to give my experience plating. I paid \$5 for one of the Queen Platters for plating gold, silver or nickel, I had no trouble to get all the knives, forks, spoons, castors and jewelry I could plate. The first week I made \$27 clear profit, the second, \$35 40 and am now averaging \$45 per week. I have advised a number of my friends to try this business, and they are doing well. The machine is complete and does the work rapidly. I can make as much selling platters as plating. Hoping my experience will benefit others, I am yours truly,

B. G. STOOKEY.

If you want to make more clear money than you have ever made in your life, send for circulars and price of the Queen Plater; for gold, silver, nickel, copper and brass plating can be used by any one. Plates beautiful and equal to the finest new work. Every class of goods or metals. \$20 a day can easily be made. Address: Queen City Silver & Nickel Plating Co., East St. Louis, Ill.

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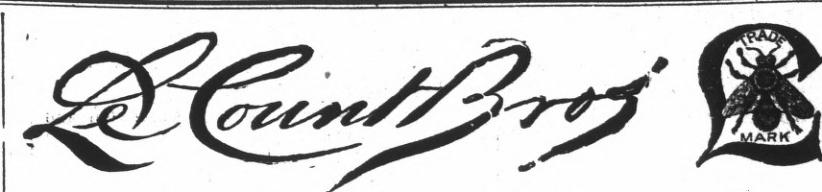
It can be given with safety to man, woman or child, in as much as it is perfectly harmless, and through its most extraordinary effect in eradicating disease, is creating a most powerful sensation.

It is sold *Under a Guarantee* at Fifty Cents per Bottle.

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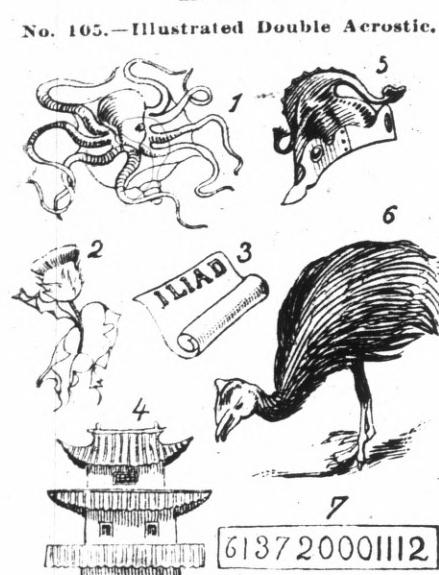
AWARDED THE

Only Grand Prize

ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE PUZZLER

No. 104.—A Hidden Proverb.
It is so slippery that I fear those children will fall down.
Some people who come to see me do not like dogs.
If I were to live in the country I would have a large garden.
How t' eat keeps running in and out!
Take care not to break either the plate or glass.
What a number of small houses they are building about here.
I should like to be where it is always summer.
I am not fond of skating.
I want a reel of cotton. Throw me that one.
We have had the steam roller in front of our house for days. I should think all the stones in the road must be broken now.
One word of a well known proverb will be found in each of these sentences.



Each of the seven pictures in the accompanying picture forms the crossword of a double acrostic. When these have been rightly guessed and placed one below the other the initial letters will spell the Christian name and the initials the surname of a celebrated American commodore born over a hundred years ago.—St. Nicholas.

No. 106.—A Boy's Choice.

Mr. Smith called his son Sam to him and told him that he was old enough to be learning a trade, and he must make up his mind very soon what trade he would follow, that steps might be taken toward securing an apprenticeship for him. Samie went to his room and sat down to think. At length he took a pencil and paper and wrote down all the trades he could call to mind; but, in his perturbation of mind, he got the letters somewhat mixed. Below is his list, also his comments:

1. RENT CRAPPE. "No, that sounds too mournful."
2. BREAK. "That sounds too much like being dead broke."
3. EHR, NIPT. "That seems as if I should go wrong, then all my plans would be ruined in the bud."
4. NO SAM. "That tells me plainly not to try it."
5. CHEAT-TRIC. "I certainly want nothing of this, for to be successful one must avoid cheating tricks."
6. CHARM-TERN. "This seems more encouraging than any of the others."
7. THICK LAMBS. "Ah, here is the trade for me. It sounds like peace and plenty, and I will tell father at once that it is my choice."

No. 107.—Riddle-Me-Rée.

My first is in grape, but not in vine.
My second is in ale, but not in wine.
My third is in forest, but not in wood.
My fourth is in thought, but not in good.
My fifth is in kitten, but not in cat.
My sixth is in bonnet, and also in hat.
My whole is a stone, a precious thing,
And oft is seen in a lady's ring.

No. 108.—The Puzzler's Alphabet.

Which letter is part of a house?
Which an industrious insect?
Which a beverage?
Which an exclamation?
Which an interrogation?
Which a river in Scotland?
Which a bird?
Which a vegetable?
Which a teamster's direction to his horse?
Which a clue?
Which is deep, wide and salt?
Which a sorrowful exclamation?
Which is everlasting?
Which part of the human body?
Which a printer's measure?
Which the solver of this puzzle?
Which two of you?

Omens Good and Bad.

In older times it was not considered a good omen to find money. Melton says that "it is a sign of ill luck to find money." We have seen superstitious persons at the present day keep for luck any piece of money they found, but Greene, in a very old work, tells us: "Tis ill luck to keep found money." Therefore it must be spent. Mason, in his "Anatome of Sorcerie," 1619, enumerating our superstitions, mentions as one omen of good luck, "If drink be spilled upon a man; or if he find old iron." Hence it is accounted a lucky omen to find a horseshoe.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 94.—Double Central Acrostic:
S T U C C O E D
V A R I A B L E
C O U R T I E R
D I S C A R D S
T R I U M P H S
D E C L A R E D
S H E A R I N G
P E R T A I N S
D E C E N T L Y
Fourth row, Circulate. Fifth row, Cata-
maran.
No. 95.—Enigma. Edinburgh.
No. 96.—A Chessboard Puzzle; 5 squares.
No. 97.—Wordmaking: Spare, pears,
reaps, spear, pares.
No. 98.—Crossword Enigma: Midge.
No. 99.—Pictorial Transformation: No
answer required.
No. 100.—A Heartless Husband: Closet,
Colt, sole, cole, Celts, stool.
No. 101.—A Curious Clock: 144 strokes.
No. 102.—Easy Rebus: I understand,
Exonerate.
No. 103.—Enigmatical Foods and Drinks:
1. Ham. 2. Truffles. 3. Art-i-choke. 4.
Oysters. 5. Sole. 6. Pot-a-to. 7. Tongue.
8. Wood-cock. 9. Salad (in). 10. Six-joint.
11. Olive. 12. Champagne. 13. Port. 14.
Bordeaux. 15. To-key. 16. Little Pickles.
17. Chow-chow. 18. Crab. 19. Porter.

GOOD HEALTH

A DARKENED SICKROOM.

An Old Superstition Through Which the Remedial Power of Sunshine Is Lost.
The custom of keeping the sickroom darkened at all hours is still too prevalent in spite of modern sanitary teaching. Hall's Journal of Health says there is no sense in this; it is as if the attendants were anticipating the death of the patient, and if the reason is asked for it is as inconsistent as the act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light—as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or a screen, and as though to darken one part of the room it were necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an old superstition practice connected with smallpox and other terrible diseases involving the exclusion of light. A more injurious practice could not be maintained, as by it a great remedy is lost. Sunlight diffuses through a room and warms and clarifies the air. It has a direct influence on the minute organic poisons—a distinctive influence that is most precious—and it has a cheerful effect upon the mind. The sick should never be gloomy, and in the presence of the light the shadows of gloom fly away. Happily this fact is now recognized in hospital practice, and should be equally so in private practice.

Excessive Muscular Development.
When great muscular strength or agility follows in the wake of physical exercise these should be regarded as identical and entirely subordinate to the health of body which the exercise has secured. To exercise for strength alone and to estimate it as the chief aim is an inexcusable blunder. There is no necessary physiological, causal relation between strength and health. Indeed it is a notorious fact that professional athletes are often defective in some bodily organ, and they generally die early in life from heart or lung trouble. Developing certain sets of muscles to the exclusion of others makes the muscular system unsymmetrical and interferes with the equal distribution of the general blood supply. Inordinate development of muscular power calls for unnatural activity from the central vital organs, and thus it frequently occurs that under the strain of some special effort the heart or lungs fail and death results, says The Doctor.

A Simple Remedy for Dyspepsia.
One teaspoonful of flaxseed taken just before each meal and at bedtime and a half teaspoonful of celery seed after each meal and at bedtime. The flaxseed should be rubbed in a dry cloth to free them from dust. They may be swallowed whole, with enough water sprinkled over them to dampen them or chewed before swallowing; the latter is preferable; as they have a rich, nutty flavor the taste is not unpleasant. They may be taken an hour or two or immediately before meals and just before retiring. Any time after meals take the celery seed, either chewing or swallowing whole, and a few minutes after the flaxseed at night. The Ladies' Home Journal, which recommends the foregoing, advises for thin persons as an excellent addition a tablespoonful of pure glycerin taken three times a day, after or with the celery seed. This is flesh producing.

Why So Many Men Are Bald.
Some one has a new theory to account for so many bald-headed men. It says that they keep their hair cut short, causing it to "bleed" to death in a few years. Long hair lives longer than short hair. There has never been a nation with more bald-heads in it than there are now in the United States, where a close "shingle" is the prevailing hair cut.

Simple but Effective.
Bathe the weak or itchy eyes with a weak solution of salt and water.

Hot salt water is a valuable gargle for the throat and much used in hospitals.

Salt and brandy, made quite strong of the salt and used persistently for a time, is excellent to stop falling out of the hair.

A small bag of hot salt will greatly relieve neuralgic pain and retains its heat a long time.

ETIQUETTE

CALLS OR VISITS.

A Number of Details Pertaining to the Subject of Formal Visiting.

The usual hours for general visiting are between 3 and 6 o'clock. Formal calls should not be made before luncheon.

When strangers arrive in your city to whom you wish to show civility the first step is to call upon them. In France the newcomer pays the first call, but this is not the custom in our country.

It is not good breeding to invite people to your house until you have left cards upon them, though this courtesy is sometimes omitted.

First calls should always be promptly returned; that is, within seven days. If a first call is immediately followed by an invitation to some entertainment the call should be returned at once and not delayed until after the entertainment. After the entertainment a second call should be made.

The recipient of any especial hospitality, such as a dinner, luncheon, breakfast, dance, etc., should call thereafter as soon as possible. After having been invited to visit in a country house a call should be made upon those extending the invitation immediately after their return to the town residence. After a lady is married her acquaintances should soon call upon her.

A gentleman should wait for a lady to signify that his presence in her house will be agreeable. A card from her giving notice of a day at home or containing an invitation to some entertainment, of course, gives him the entree to her house.

If a gentleman or lady is making a call and other guests arrive, the first comers should withdraw within a little while.

A gentleman should immediately rise when ladies or older gentlemen enter or leave a room in which he is sitting.

An unmarried or younger lady should also rise when married or older ladies enter the room, and also when they leave it.

To the foregoing hints given by a woman of society in a little handbook on "Manners," it may be added that if you receive cards to a series of "at homes" and for some good reason cannot accept the invitation, you should send your card on the last day named.

THE WESTERN WITNESS

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP

Is for sale everywhere, and has since 1869 been acknowledged by all to be

THE BEST FAMILY SOAP IN THE WORLD

Its quality has never been changed since we first made it. We ask every woman using it to save all the Outside Wrappers, and donate them to her favorite Religious or Charitable Institution, no matter what denomination, anywhere in the United States, as we have promised to pay these institutions cash, for all the Outside Wrappers of our soap, they will collect and send to us. This will give needed financial assistance to worthy charities, at no expense to you. We propose to thus donate, at least one hundred thousand dollars a year. Among hundreds of worthy institutions are all the "Little Sisters of the Poor," Orphan Asylums, Sisters of Charity, Hospitals, etc.

The Housekeeper will find on a trial, according to directions, that the washing does not require HALF THE QUANTITY of DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP that it does of any other; that there is a great saving of time and labor in its use; that it saves wear and tear of the clothes on the washboard, and does not cut or rot them to pieces, or hurt the hands as adulterated soaps do.

IT DISINFECTS CLOTHES WASHED WITH IT, Having them thoroughly cleansed and sweet, instead of leaving a foul odor of rosin and grease.

It washes flannels without shrinking, leaving them soft and nice.

Respectfully

I. L. CRAGIN & CO.

Manufacturers Dobbins' Electric Soap.

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Deposits Received in Sums from \$1.00 Upwards.

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(Pacific Bank, Treasurer.)

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Paid up in Cash,	333,333.33
Subject to Call,	666,666.67
Surplus Fund,	25,000.00
Undivided Profits,	17,873.18

Interest per annum 5.53% on TERM Deposits.
For last 12 months 4.64% on ORDINARY Deposits.

INTEREST is credited twice a year, and if not withdrawn interest the same as the principal, thus compounding semi-annually.

Children and Married Women may deposit money in own name.

A special feature of the People's Home Savings Bank, is the Safe Deposit Vault; the strongest without exception on the coast; easy of access, being on the ground floor of the Bank; brilliantly lighted with arc and incandescent lights and secure and convenient for the inspection of vaults.

Individual Steel Safes, inside the Vaults, may be secured at rentals of from \$4.00 to \$25 per annum. The smallest safe is large enough for your Insurance Policies, your Will, Jewelry, Bonds, a good deal of coin and quite a supply of jewelry.

Rooms are furnished the depositors for the private inspection of valuables, where they can lock themselves in from all intrusion.

Down safes are absolutely fire-proof and burglar-proof with capacity for storing amounts of silverware, trunks and boxes containing furs, lace, clothing and other valuables.

THE NEW 5-cent Stamp Deposit System of the PEOPLE'S HOME SAVINGS BANK, providing a marked success here as well as in England and Germany.

It is doing wonders in encouraging small savings and in pleasantly inculcating in youthful minds valuable lessons of thrift and economy. THE Stamps and all information may be had from our Agents or on application at the bank.

In Addition to the five cent stamp deposit system for small savings, the People's Home Savings Bank is now ready to supply the public with beautiful blue and pink plated sales to be used as a receptacle for savings at home.

The accompanying Cut is a perfect representation of one of these safes. It is 4½ inches long, 3½ high, and 4½ inches deep. A slot in the top large enough for a dollar or a double eagle receives the coin. The safe is strong; it cannot be broken in by ordinary methods, nor owing to a patent arrangement, can the coin be shaken out.

The People's Home Savings Bank retains the key of the safe and once a month, or often if the savings amount to a dollar or more, the holder takes the safe to the bank, where it is unlocked in his or her presence, the money counted and placed as a deposit to his or her credit, when it begins at once to draw interest.

Any reputable person can have the use of one of these safes at charge, by leaving a deposit of \$1.00 as security for its safe keeping. The dollar will draw interest like any other deposit, and will be returned with interest when the safe is surrendered to the bank in good condition.

Call at once and gladden the hearts of your little folks by securing one of these safes and ornamental household savings banks. They can also be had at the Pacific Bank corner Pine and Sansome street.

B. O. Carr, Columbus Waterhouse, President.

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New Goods. Lowest Prices.

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Suits made to order in the latest styles and at the shortest notice at moderate prices.

Cutting by the improved tailor system.

I respectfully solicit your patronage.

NOTICE

JOHN FINUCANE 2507 MISSION ST., San Francisco.

Begs leave to inform his friends and the public of the vicinity that he is open a

TAILOR SHOP.

at the above address.

Suits made to order in a superior and workman-like manner.</p

THE WESTERN WITNESS

A LITTLE DUST.

So used the Roman Virgil
To have the wife of his loves,
Which hives with hives contended
Beneath his Mantuan trees;
They meet like human armies,
Like men they charge, they thrust;
To quell the war you sprinkle
A handful of dry dust.

O dutiful man's emotion,
O painful hopes and fears,
O tears that end in laughter,
O laughter wortlier tears,
O stormful, fatal passions,
Ambition, hatred, lust—
How very still ye slumber
Beneath how little dust.
—G. A. CHADWICK in Bookman.

NOT A BAD DEAL.

The little volume of verses entitled "To Lalage" made quite a stir in the literary world. One critic of note said that it was instinct with classic grace; another that it was informed by the true spirit of Hellas; a third that it had a whiff of Hymettus; a fourth that it was hardly suitable for family reading; and, on the strength of all this laudation, "To Lalage" was a success, and several copies were bona fide sold to complete strangers. Imagine, then, the bitterness of heart with which Adrian Pottles, the gifted author, saw himself compelled to maintain strict anonymity, and to conceal from a world thirsting to know him, that he was the "A. P." whose initials appeared in Old English letters on the title page. Yet he did not hesitate; for he knew that if his uncle, Mr. Thomas Pottles, of Clapham Common, discovered that he wrote not only verses, which was bad, but amatory verses, which was atrocious, his means of present livelihood and prospects of future affluence would vanish into thin air.

For Mr. Pottles was a man of strict views, and whether one regarded this world or the next there could be no question that a bank clerk of evangelical connections committed a grave fault in writing love poems. So poor Adrian had to make up his mind to remain unknown, and to hold his tongue even when he heard that another man had been claiming the authorship of "To Lalage." Luckily, perhaps, he failed to find out who this miscreant was, or probably his indignation would have overcome his prudence, and he would at any cost have claimed his own. The secret was well kept, and Adrian received the usual check at Christmas time, and with it the usual invitation to spend the festive season with his uncle and to bring with him his young friend, Peter Allison, to whom old Mr. Pottles had taken a great fancy. Peter was a man of many engagements, but, sought after as he was and proclaimed himself to be, he remembered the good cheer at Mr. Pottles', and accepted the invitation. They went down together, Adrian bewailing his hard fortune and denouncing his impostor, Peter warmly sympathizing but counseling continued silence and prudence.

Ah, if I could only claim it! cried Adrian, opening his Gladstone bag and azing fondly at half a dozen neat, clear copies of "To Lalage." "I should be a lion of the season," Peter.

Peter smiled and shook his head. "Fame is better than fame, Adrian said he.

For a day or two all went well "lapham." The old gentleman was in the best of temper, and the two young men did their best to keep him in it, endorsing all his views as to the lax moral and disgraceful tone which pervaded modern literature and modern society, and when they had done their duty in this way they rewarded themselves by going in next door and having tea with Dora Chatterton, a young lady whom they both thought charming.

Indeed, Adrian thought her so charming that after a short acquaintance he sent her a copy of "To Lalage," with the author's kind regards. Now, Miss Dora Chatterton adored genius. She had thought both Adrian and Peter very pleasant young men; she had perceived that they both thought her a very pleasant young woman, and she had been rather puzzled to know which of them she would, in a certain event, make up her mind to prefer. "To Lalage" settled the question. It was the gifted author, A. P., who deserved her love, and A. P. obviously stood, not for Peter Allison, but for Adrian Pottles.

The very next morning she called early at Mr. Pottles'. She found him alone. The boys, he explained, had gone for a walk. Dora was disappointed; but, failing the author himself, she was content to pour her praises into the ears of an appreciative and proud uncle. She did so, expressing immense admiration for Adrian's modesty in not having told Mr. Pottles of his achievement.

"Humph!" said Mr. Pottles; "let me see these—er—things."

The effect of "To Lalage" on Mr. Pottles was surprising, and particularly so to Dora. In less than ten minutes she found herself being shown the door and intrusted with a letter to her mother in which Mr. Pottles stated that she had been reading wicked books and ought in his opinion to be sent to her own room for an indefinite period.

"And I shall know if you don't give it to her," said Mr. Pottles viciously.

Thus it happened that Adrian and Peter, as they were returning, met poor Dora on the steps with this horrid note in one hand and her pocket handkerchief in the other; for Mrs. Chatterton shared Mr. Pottles' views and Dora did not enjoy having to deliver the note. They were just hastening up to speak to her when Mr. Pottles himself appeared on the steps holding out "To Lalage" in his hand. Adrian grasped the situation.

"For heaven's sake, Peter," he whispered, "say you wrote the beastly thing; I'm ruined if you don't."

"Eh? But he'll kick me out."
"I'll stand a pony."
"Two," said Peter firmly.
"Well, two; but be quick."
Then Peter spoke up like a man and accepted the blame of "To Lalage."
"But your initials aren't A. P.," objected Mr. Pottles.

"To avoid suspicion I reversed the order; mine is P. A."

"James," said Mr. Pottles to the footman, "pack Mr. Allison's bag."

But Dora gave Peter the kindest and most admiring glance as she murmured softly to Adrian: "They're lovely! Oh, don't you wish you could write verses, Mr. Pottles?"

Adrian stammered. He had not bargained for this, but Peter had overheard and interposed.

"I am more than consoled by your approval, Miss Chatterton." Mr. Pottles called to Adrian, and he had to go in, leaving Dora and Peter in close conversation, and to assure his uncle solemnly that he had been entirely disappointed and deceived in Peter, and, worse still, in Dora, and that he never wished to see either of them again. Mr. Pottles shook him by the hand and forgave him.

Adrian passed a wretched week. In several newspapers he saw it openly stated that Peter now admitted he was the author of "To Lalage." Peter wrote that the fifty pounds was most convenient, and that he had had a most charming letter from Dora, and that all the literary world was paying him most flattering attentions. Adrian ground his teeth, but he had to write back thanking Peter for all his kindness.

Meanwhile Mr. Pottles grew restless. Every paper he took up was full of the praises of "To Lalage." The author was becoming famous, and Mr. Pottles began to doubt whether he had done well to drive him forth with contumely.

"Adrian," he said suddenly one morning, "I don't know that I did justice to young Allison. I shall have another look at that book. I shall order it at Smith's."

"I—i— happen to have a copy," said Adrian timidly.

"Get it," said Mr. Pottles. Mr. Pottles read it first with a deep frown, then with a judicial air, then with a smile, lastly with a chuckle.

"Ask him to dinner," he said. "Oh, and, Adrian, we'll have the Chattertons. I wish you could do something to get your name up, my boy."

"You like it, uncle?"

"Yes, and I like the manly way he owned to it. If he had prevaricated about it I'd never have forgiven him."

After this Adrian did not dare to confess. It was too bad. Here were both his uncle and Dora admiring Peter for his poems and crediting Peter with candor and courage. He was to lose both fame and Dora! It was certainly too much. A sudden thought struck him. He went to town, called on Peter, and, as the police reports say, "made a communication" to him.

"It makes me look a scoundrel!" objected Peter.

"Two hundred—at six months," suggested Adrian.

"And she is a nice girl—No, I'm dashed!"

"A monkey at three!" cried Adrian.

"Done!" said Peter.

It was a sad tale of depravity on one side and of self-sacrificing friendship on the other that Mr. Pottles and Dora Chatterton listened to that evening.

"He had made," said Adrian sadly, "a deliberate attempt to rob me of my before, and he repeated it. And then, an old friend—boyhood's on—how could I betray him? It is ak, but I could not. I stood by him deceive you."

"You're a noble fellow," said Mr. Pottles, in tones of emotion.

"Indeed, yes," said Dora, with an adoring glance.

"There, let us say no more about it," pursued Adrian magnanimously. "I have my reward," and he returned Dora's glance behind Mr. Pottles' broad back.

The next time he met Peter he said: "I am really immensely indebted to you, old fellow. My uncle has come down handsomely, and if the monkey now would be conv."

"By Gad, yes!" said Peter. He took it in crisp notes and carefully pocketed them.

"And is Miss Dora kind?" he asked.

"She's an angel."

"And you are generally prosperous?"

"Thanks to you, my dear old friend."

"Then," said Peter, producing a piece of paper from his pocket, "you might persuade your publishers to withdraw this beastly thing." It was a writ, and it claimed an injunction to restrain Peter from claiming the authorship of "To Lalage."

"Then you've been publicly claiming it?"

"I had to keep up the illusion, Adrian. Do me justice."

"But," said Adrian, "how, Peter, does it happen that the writ is dated the day before we went to Clapham?"

He paused. Peter grinned uneasily.

"Why," he exclaimed, "you're the villain who—"

"Exactly. Wonderfully provident of me, wasn't it? What, you're not going?"

"Never let me see your face again!" said Adrian. "I have done with you."

He rushed out. Peter whistled gently and said to himself: "Not a bad deal. He must stop the action, or the old man will twig."

Then he whistled again and added: "Glad I got it in notes. He'd have stopped a check."

A third time he whistled and chuckled and said: "Now I wonder if old Adrian will make 550 out of it! Not a bad deal, Peter, my boy."—St. James Budget.

Length of a French Horn.

If the orchestra French horns were straightened out they would be seventeen feet long. The convolutions of the horn and the many turns of the trumpet are all the fruit of necessity: they could not be manipulated to produce the tones asked of them if they were not bent and curved.—Boston Advertiser.

A Cheap and Good Cement.

Dissolve a little gum arabic in a little water so that it is rather thick; put enough plaster of paris into this to make a thick paste. Cement broken pieces of china together, and in half an hour they cannot be broken in the same place.

Hot water seems to make it more firm.—New York Journal.

FEMININE FANCIES.

Mrs. Davis, the wife of the Minnesota senator, is an expert shot with the rifle and an enthusiastic hunter.

Siegfried Wagner, the daughter of Richard Wagner and granddaughter of Liszt, shows no talent for music.

Mrs. Harrison has had a white pink named for her by a Vermont florist, with the permission of the president.

Miss Jeannette Halford, daughter of the president's private secretary, drives her father to the White House and back daily in her dainty victoria.

Lady Somerset's tenants in the district of Herefordshire number nearly 100,000, Eastnor Castle, in which she was born forty years ago, is one of the most magnificent homes in England.

Mme. de Barrios never selects any perfume but lily of the Nile, a little of which goes a great way. Her gloves are profusely scented with this strong perfume and her hair seems deluged with it.

Miss Mary Smith, of Whitesbury, Ga., is the proud possessor of a bed quilt made over 100 years ago by Miss Taylor, a niece of General Zachary Taylor, who picked every atom of it.

Mme. Leclerc, after passing rigid examination in Paris, was admitted into the brotherhood of full fledged apothecaries. Although there are plenty of women doctors, Miss Leclerc is the first woman apothecary.

Mme. Elise St. Omer is now on a journey around the world in the interest of the Geographical Society of Paris. The journey is to last three years, and the traveler is to devote special attention to the lives and customs of women in the various countries which she visits.

Mrs. Mary Chynoweth, the Christian scientist, who is worth about \$8,000,000, is living in a new house at San Jose, Cal., which contains 109 rooms. Two sons with their families help to give the mansion an inhabited look. Mrs. Chynoweth preaches every Sunday what she calls "inspired" sermons.

Among the best known of Russia's diplomatic spies is Mme. de Novikoff, who, without good looks or much social standing, was clever enough to ingratiate herself to such an extent with several statesmen and principal newspaper editors in London, that the whole course of Great Britain's policy abroad was affected thereby at a certain critical moment.

CROWN AND SCEPTER.

The shah has a tobacco pipe worth \$400,000.

The empress of Germany is resplendent in the traditionally imperial style of ornate elegance in public, but in private dresses very simply.

The empress of Russia wears everything small and neat to harmonize with her delicate personality. Pale blue, mauve and green are her favorite colors.

The Prince of Wales has the finest collection of tobacco pipes in the world. It includes every variety of pipe from the humble corn cob to elegantly carved silver bowls.

Queen Margherita of Italy thinks a queen ought to remain young and beautiful for political reasons, as feminine loveliness is so essential to popularity, especially in the southern regions of Europe.

The empress of Austria is so devoted to the Greek language and literature that she proposes to build a theater adjoining her new villa at Corfu, the Achilleion, where the ancient Greek plays may be given in the old style.

Prince Guenther, of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, in Germany, has become engaged to the Princess Louise von Waldeburg. With the exception of the mad King Otto of Bavaria he is the only unmarried ruler in Germany, and has now attained the age of forty years.

The seat of the coronation chair of England, Queen Victoria's "throne," is made of a monster slab of sandstone. Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" says, "It was brought from Scone by Edward I, and is said to be the stone upon which Jacob rested his head the night of his famous vision."

FIN, FEATHER AND FUR.

A few animals are voiceless, as the graffe, the armadillo and the porcupine.

A man in Concord, Mich., makes a living by raising English sparrows and selling their heads for the bounty.

A piebald blackbird has been seen on Clapham common. The body of the bird is pure white, while the tail and breast are black.

An Eastport fisherman captured a lobster that measured forty inches in length and nearly the same distance across the claws.

Ceylon has a spider which spins a yellow web, the threads of which are almost as large as buttonhole twist. Its webs are often from six to eight feet across.

Professor Blattner, a German authority on entomology, says that some species of insects are so small that a number greater than the total human population of the globe could be safely stowed away in an onion vial.

Fireflies of the large kind and high lighting power that abound in St. Domingo and other West India islands are employed for lighting purposes, being confined in lanterns both for going about the country at night and for the illumination of dwellings. By attaching one of them to each foot while traveling in the darkness they serve as a guide to the path.

INTERESTING FACTS.

Only 9 per cent. of cases of amputation ever prove fatal.

The population of America increased by 7,000 persons a day.

There are thirteen miles of bookshelves in the British museum.

The pennyweight was the exact weight of the old British silver penny.

A man of average strength can lift with both hands a weight of from 230 to 240 pounds.

Bank notes in Austria-Hungary are printed on one side in German and on the other in Magyar for the benefit of the Hungarians.

Few English words are derived from the Chinese, but the names of some of the best known Chinese products—tea, silk, gongs, ginseng, kaolin—are of Chinese origin.

The marks £, s., d., used as the designations for the principal denominations of British money, are an abbreviation for the Latin "libra, solidi et denarii," "pounds, shillings and pence."

An average man of fifty has spent 6,000 days, or nearly twenty years, in sleep, and has consumed about 17,000 pounds of bread and 16,000 pounds of meat, washed down with 7,000 gallons of liquids.

TRUTH is the nurse of happiness.

Juvenile Department.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

The Trap-door Spider of Jamaica.

This spider is an odd-looking creature. It has short legs and formidable fangs furnished with sharp-pointed barbs. It resembles a crab and is about an inch and a quarter long, exclusive of legs.

It burrows a tunnel in the ground; the inside is silken and double, the outside thick, harsh and crumpled and looks like the bark of a tree. It would hardly be recognized as a spider web, even by the touch. The entrance is guarded by "trap-door," from which the spider takes its name. This is a circular flap of the same substance as the tube; it fits the hole perfectly and is attached by a hinge wide enough not to fall to one side when open. The inside is white and silken; the outside is covered with earth, and being flat to the ground, all traces of it are hidden. It makes the tunnel on sloping ground. The hinge is uppermost, so that when it leaves